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OXFORD PAMPHLETS

1914–1915

NATIONAL IDEALS

BY

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Price Threepence net

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8.3.24

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
HUMPHREY MILFORD
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY

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NATIONAL IDEALS[1]

It may seem inopportune at this moment to be discussing such an abstract subject as 'national ideals'. We are continually told, and rightly told, that we must think of nothing but fighting the enemy until we have thoroughly defeated him: that the one thing necessary is 'munitions of war': that we must not consider terms until the enemy is beaten to the ground. I cannot express too strongly my concurrence with this view. Day by day we learn more of the immense organization and the determined spirit of the enemy. Every nerve must be strained to meet the forces—material and moral—which we have to face. And yet even if that be so, what could be more relevant to the situation or indeed more imperiously demanded of us than that we should examine our resources and take stock of our national possession in the spiritual as well as in the material sphere? We believe—the vast majority of us believe—that, whatever the immediate occasion of this war may have been, it is at bottom a conflict of principles, of ideals: and if that be so, it cannot be amiss to consider what the principles are for which as a united people we stand—Mother Country, Dominions, Crown Colonies, and India alike—side by side with our allies, against the military forces, long and carefully prepared, of Central Europe. It cannot indeed be expected that all who are fighting on our side will realize to the full

[1] An address given at University College, Nottingham, on May 5, 1915.

the magnitude and wide bearing of the issue ; but unless from those who are better informed a knowledge of the meaning of the conflict spreads through the rank and file of our army, we shall fail to achieve the concentration, the unity, and the fervour which are naturally to be found in nations schooled to military discipline and service by long training and taught through two generations to 'think to order'. 'Munitions of war,' yes. But we need the weapons of the spirit as well as bread for our soldiers and ammunition for our guns.

As Englishmen we are all at some disadvantage when we are called upon to state our ideals. Our native inclination is to do the right thing and make no fuss. We are shy of using large language, and of claiming to be better than other people. We prefer to justify our action in off-hand language as 'playing the game' or to speak lightly of our responsibilities as 'part of the day's work', and we are perhaps unduly reluctant to go beyond the opportunism of the particular occasion or to appeal to fundamentals. We gain by this, and we lose. We gain something in that cheerful and undefeated spirit which has been so splendidly displayed on many fields in this war, not 'sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought' ; we gain in freshness, in elasticity of mind, in initiative and enterprise. We do not take ourselves too seriously. One result of this is that our enemies call us hypocrites when we do on occasion state a principle, and careless-minded and decadent when we refuse to wear our heart upon our sleeve.

But there is some loss on the other side. We have been too little in the habit of thinking things out. We have often omitted to ask ourselves or to teach our children what our national inheritance means and what England stands for in the world. We have rejoiced in

the wide range of our possessions and the invincible ubiquity of our fleet, but we have given far too little thought to the movements of the world at large and to international politics. That is not likely to happen again for some time after this war. But unless we begin to consider the vital issues before the war is over, we may find ourselves, at the council-table of the nations, weakened and disabled by our want of clear ideas and of a well-defined policy. It is not suggested that we can profitably discuss to-day what should be the terms of peace, but that the more we can make the solid mass of our people understand what principles we are fighting for, the less likely will it be that popular ignorance and prejudice and passion will lead us into error in the day of settlement. It is worth while, then, to consider what is the national ideal that we should put forward when we are called upon to justify our separate existence as a nation, and our position as a Great Power.

When we are discussing national ideals we have to consider them under two main heads, the inward and the outward. There is the inner life of the nation, its growth and development as a body of men and women whose lot is cast to live together within the borders of a single organized State ; and there is the outer life of the nation, its relations to other peoples, and the part it is to play on the stage of the world's history. The two cannot, indeed, be separated : the inner life reacts on the outer, and the outer on the inner. But they can be conveniently discussed apart.

What, then, is our ideal of national life, considered first from within, without reference to the nations who are outside us ? If we are asked to sum up in a few words the qualities which we think most characteristic of our life and existence as a nation, what we aim at

and strive to secure, we should probably answer—Freedom and Justice. Let us analyse these terms. Freedom, the fact and the spirit of individual liberty, is, we all believe, one thing which distinguishes our life from the life of the German people, so efficient and so powerful, but, on the other hand, so wanting in political sense, so dependent on authority. What do we mean by Freedom? Freedom is a noble word, and in our great political traditions, in the facts of English history, with its gradual enfranchisement of classes, that half-conscious process of political development which we believe has achieved national well-being more easily and with less friction than other peoples, this

> freedom slowly broadening down
> From precedent to precedent

has played a great part. What do we mean by Freedom and the free life? Two or three generations ago, when we in England were dazzled by the wonderful expansion of our manufacture and our commerce, we were too ready to think of freedom as something negative: a removal of barriers, a fair field and no favour, unrestricted competition, and 'the devil take the hindmost': and this merely negative idea of freedom has been a potent influence in our politics. But if we question the great masters of English thought and action we shall find that the freedom for which they fought and which they championed in their writings was something more vital, positive, and inspiring than a mere removal of fetters—whether the fetters be those of class or trade or government. An abstract liberty, a liberty '*in vacuo*', is unmeaning. A brave word like 'freedom' depends for its meaning and its power on the relation in which it stands to a vast background of

association and tradition, to the inarticulate living and striving of the whole nation, in all ranks and classes—in a word, to national character and the mind of the people. There was a time when we pinned our faith on a policy of *laissez-faire*, trusting, in a serene spirit of optimism, to natural forces to produce a beneficent result, until the products of our policy—in 'sweating' and slums and all the disorders of unrestricted industrialism—brought us up sharp and reminded us that abstract freedom, unbalanced by discipline, order, and control, unguided by a positive ideal, can lead to nothing but disaster. Experience, then, has taught us to question the gifts that are offered us in the name of freedom, and to test them by the conception of national well-being and of a common good. In a word, we are beginning to learn that freedom must be interpreted in a large sense if it is to satisfy the cravings of the spirit. It is a century since Wordsworth wrote—

> It is not to be thought of that the Flood
> Of British freedom, which to the open Sea
> Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
> Hath flowed 'with pomp of waters unwithstood',
> Roused though it be full often to a mood
> Which spurns the check of salutary bands—
> That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands
> Should perish and to evil and to good
> Be lost for ever.

Wordsworth had seen the triumph and the disappointments of the French Revolution—the overthrow of barriers, but an overthrow which paved the way for the vast uncompromising militarism which in his great poems on Napoleon he was now eloquently combating. Freedom to him was something positive, vital, intolerant of absolute rule, rooted in character. It was the kind of liberty of which Milton says: 'Unless your liberty,

which is of such a kind as arms can neither procure nor take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, of justice, of temperance and unadulterated virtue, shall have taken deep root in your minds and hearts, there will not long be wanting one who will snatch from you by treachery what you have acquired by arms.'

We, like Wordsworth, have had our times of disappointment as we watched the movements of enfranchisement in our own country: our Reform Bills have not accomplished all that was sometimes hoped of them; but nevertheless, if a large view be taken of their bearing on national life, we contend that on the whole and in the main they have promoted that atmosphere of free life which is the indispensable condition of national well-being.

Freedom, then, regarded from this point of view, means the securing to each citizen of the opportunity of living a free life; not a life of 'unchartered freedom', but a life which gives scope to his natural powers and which makes wise thinking, honest work, and good conduct possible for his achievement: a life which is not limited to personal well-being, but which recognizes a larger whole that has claims upon it, in return for the free conditions, the vital atmosphere which the State supplies. It is in this sense that Justice, our second principle of national life, is complementary to Freedom. What does Justice mean? It has been suggested by a recent writer that 'Russia symbolizes pity, France reason, and England justice'. We trust that the statement is true of England. Justice certainly is part of our ideal: that justice, of which Elyot wrote, 'The ancient civilians do say justice is a will, perpetual and constant, which giveth to every man his right.' To put it in more modern language—Justice secures

to every member of the State the conditions which make a free life possible. When we say all men should be equal before the law, we mean that all members of the State alike are to count as having equal claims upon the State for the exercise of rights, just as all are to be equally bound to contribute according to their resources to the maintenance of the entire system of rights which is embodied in the State. Rights and duties are correlative, and all members of the State must share in both. Justice does not demand that they are to be equal in property any more than it can give them equality in intellectual and physical endowment—but it does demand that on the one hand they should all have equal treatment from those who administer the laws, and that on the other they should so far have regard to the common good as to observe the laws which are the organized safeguard of social well-being and fulfil the duties of personal service and money contribution, which the State by its organs of government has decided to be necessary for the good of the nation.

Both these great words, Freedom and Justice, are but abstract outlines until we view them in relation to the common life of which, as we believe, they are vital conditions. What, then, is our conception of national well-being ? We mean a state of things in which the faculties and activities of all men in every class are used to the best purpose, in the production and distribution of material goods, in the pursuit of learning and science, in the daily tasks of common life, and in the fulfilment of the duties which fall to us as a nation occupying a position with great responsibilities. We like to think of our nation as including a great variety of conditions and of gifts, with inequalities of all sorts, no doubt, but inequalities never so great as to close the door to ability

and character in any class of society. We aim at securing in every class material conditions which exclude no one from sharing in that life of the spirit which gives dignity and value to existence. This, or something like it, is the ideal to which we are more and more striving to direct our political efforts. More and more we are looking away from triumphs of party or church or sect, to the promotion of reasonable conditions of life for all citizens. More and more we are endeavouring to provide, through improved means of education, opportunities for every one to share in all that the higher world of thought and imagination has to give—in religion and philosophy, literature, science, the fine arts. Much has been accomplished, but much still remains to be done. The nation with which we are at war has made great use in this struggle of the word 'Kultur'. The word is not easy to render in English, but the suggestion of the Germans seems to be that they are in the van of civilization, that they have absorbed, as no other people has done, the science, the literature, and the art of past ages, and that their nature and character are thereby so enriched and enlarged, and their material resources so magnificently organized, that they may fairly claim, as Athens claimed to be the school of Hellas, to be themselves the school of Europe and of the world. The claim so urged is grotesquely extravagant, but it is probably true that no nation has devoted itself more completely to the organization of education and of research. In that direction we may well take a lesson from them. As a people we are still disposed to pooh-pooh the value of learning and science. This is not the fault of the scholar or the man of science, but of the man in the street, the manufacturer, the man of business, the nation at large. Their attitude has injured our trade and

injured our manufactures. We are reluctant to spend our money on what does not pay, forgetting that in business, as in all other things, he who ventures nothing will win little. Great achievements in business, as in war, demand faith, self-sacrifice, a looking beyond immediate needs and immediate profits.

It is indeed possible to exaggerate the superiority of Germany in research. Those who are inclined to put it too high would do well to read the pamphlet on 'British and German Steel Metallurgy', by Professor Arnold,[1] in which he shows that Germany is far behind in discovery, within the range of this particular branch of applied science. 'There are', he says, '29 constituents or sub-constituents of steel and iron. Of these 26 have been discovered in Sheffield, 3 in Middlesbrough: and the record of Charlottenburg in this branch of research is an absolute blank.' Where the Germans have the advantage of us is not so much in their actual scientific or educational methods as in their readiness to apply scientific ideas to practical purposes, and in their widespread belief in the value and importance of education and science in themselves. The awakening of England to the claims of higher education, which has found expression in the renewal of the older Universities, in the foundation of new Universities, and in such movements as University Extension, and the Workers' Educational Association, is an augury of better days. We may well look forward to a time when as a nation we shall have a profounder sense of the greatness of the things of the mind and a deeper enjoyment of the noble inheritance we possess in the works of our own masters of thought and art. Meantime we may claim one characteristic for our education and our

[1] Oxford Pamphlets, 72.

learning. It is not pedantic or priggish. We do not speak of our 'culture' or our 'civilization', but when the testing moment comes we show that our ideals have somehow worked into our character—*studia abeunt in mores*—and that through every class has penetrated that sense of honour, fair play, and gentleness to women and children which the Germans, who make such large professions of 'Kultur', have failed to embody in their army orders, and which individual Germans have grossly violated in this war. The English soldier has been educated in a society where civil rights are supreme. He knows that he may be held responsible for his acts by the civil authority in time of peace, and his breeding has taught him that in war-time he has a duty towards the weak and defenceless. We are amazed that German education has produced some of the results that we have seen in the war. There are, indeed, some features which we can only admire and emulate—intense patriotism and marvellous organization prepared against every material emergency. If we ask why we find coupled with these qualities such appalling lapses into brutality and such incapacity to estimate moral and psychological factors, the reason is to be found in the fact that the two great principles which have been mentioned, Freedom and Justice as we understand them, have no vital meaning in Germany. Where the press is inspired or throttled by a highly centralized government with no effective parliamentary control, there is not only no real criticism of policy, but there is a blank ignorance of the truth. What fraction of the sixty millions of Germany have any notion of the facts embodied in our White Paper? With the exception of the bold words in the *Vorwärts*, the organ of the Socialist party, there is no attempt to get outside a narrow nationalism. The

professorial class, paid servants of the State, who accept the word of their Government as final, would seem to be hypnotized by a false idea of the absolute value of the German State in the abstract, and have consented to follow blindly the lead of their military class. All classes indifferently appear to acquiesce cheerfully in any brutalities that the War Office or Admiralty demand of them : acts which the instinct of the British soldier or sailor would reject as impossible. The Germans have accepted an ideal—success in war—as justifying all possible means. Having eyes, they see not, neither do they understand. To us, with our free atmosphere of criticism, this triumph of militarism would seem ridiculous if it were not so deplorable and disastrous. Since the failure of the democratic movement in Germany sixty years ago, there has been order and discipline in plenty, but no real political freedom nor ' civil sense '. If you ask ' Has there been justice ? ' the answer is that the apparatus of justice is there, but that if justice means security of rights for all classes, then it is not realized in Germany. The brutal supremacy of the military class is its open negation. No country has more complete education for its officials than Germany in the details of legal and bureaucratic work : its lawyers have written learnedly and exhaustively on Roman, Mediaeval, and Modern Law : its elaboration of rules and instructions and by-laws is marvellous. You cannot dismount from a tramcar or cross a railway-line without being duly instructed in print how to do it. But when it comes to dealing fairly as between classes, between great landlords and the consumers of their produce, between soldiers and civilians, the bureaucrat and the ordinary citizen, we see at once what gross inequality and injustice may exist side by side with this elaborate machinery. The Zabern

incident was a glaring instance of the spirit which such social conditions produce, as shown towards a German subject. We have had a more recent illustration of the same spirit as shown to a foreigner. On August 3 an Englishman, Mr. Hadley, travelling in a German train, unfortunately fell into an altercation with a Prussian lieutenant, and was shot by him and died of his wounds. The German Government refused to prosecute. The Englishman may possibly have behaved unwisely (though the German official account makes his conduct harmless enough), but what are we to say of the lieutenant and his Government? No nation with any claim to real 'culture' could tolerate such an offence. Though Mr. Hadley, no doubt, suffered partly as an Englishman, his murder throws a lurid light on the German tradition as to treatment of civilians in general. The glorification of war has become a mania. This is not the place to enlarge on the outrages inflicted in Belgium. When the report of our Governmental Committee appears, it may be predicted that there will be found in it an appalling body of well-authenticated facts which will prove that not isolated outbursts only, but deliberate army orders, have been directly responsible for acts which no civilized State should countenance. It is the natural outcome of unbridled militarism, which recognizes no law of humanity or international law to control its own commands.[1]

These great principles, which are the vital springs of sound political life, Freedom and Justice, are valuable only if they afford the basis of a sound national character.

[1] Since these words were written the poisoning of the wells in South Africa has added one more crime to the black record of the German Army, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* has illustrated on a larger scale the savage principles of an Admiralty which knows no law.

Have we anything in our national character that we can set against this militarism run mad, this claim to world-supremacy, this pretension to a culture which is above criticism, and which is its own sole judge ?

The eighty years since the Reform Bill have seen such vast social changes that the English world of to-day is immensely different from that of Peel and Palmerston : and yet throughout that period it would be true to say that a certain type of English character remains. Independence, a love of fair play, gentleness to the weak and helpless and wronged, a power of tough resistance to oppression or tyranny, a loathing of intrigue, a love of plain dealing—these are the qualities we associate with the Englishman of our choice. It is not asserted that we all rise to the height of this ideal ; that is not the question. Our quarrel with the German ideal is not that few Germans realize it (it is, alas ! only too widely realized), but that it is a false ideal. It is rooted in inequality and a perverted sense of justice. The German scholars in times past, the great Mommsen and others, have scoffed at our English University education as mere ' Gentleman-bildung '. We may admit that there was a long period of English University life when scholarship, learning, and science—the purely intellectual side of things—had too little attention : but we have some compensation, as we believe, in the type of character which our education, such as it is, has produced. The word ' gentleman ' has often been narrowed and abused ; but rightly understood it stands for certain qualities, which we believe are essentially admirable and are characteristic of our national education, both higher and lower. They are qualities which belong to no class, but to the nation : a readiness to take men on their merits, a sense of honour and of the duties of social

position, a love of truth and honesty, a considerateness for the poor and weak, and that spirit of comradeship in danger and difficulty, which to-day, as in many past struggles, has been the vital strength of the British Navy and Army. We may not always rise to this level, but that is our ideal, and it is for this, among other things, that we are fighting. 'I have the highest respect', writes a young subaltern at the front, 'for the British soldier as a fighting man *and a gentleman*.' The experience of all our officers confirms his opinion. And what is true of the Army is true also of the officers and men of the Navy. These qualities are, indeed, often masked by a degree of shyness and reserve which makes the typical Englishman misunderstood by those who do not know him. He is silent and sometimes unsociable, and he is not always very quick to pick up his neighbour's language or point of view. To some, indeed, this reserve may appear a quality of strength. An American writer in *The Times* of March 22 says, 'No race, not even the Chinese, shows less what is going on inside than the English. Some of the world success of the English is due no doubt to their "front". Your Briton is continually fooling the alien races by an appearance of blank stupidity which hides talent or even genius.'

But, whether our reserve, our surliness as some call it, is strength or not, it is happily quick to fall away so soon as men come to close quarters. We see this in the trenches, in the conferences between working men and their professorial teachers, in the difficult negotiations between trade unions and employers, where 'civil sense', the atmosphere of give-and-take and compromise, the readiness to see one another's point of view, and to be reasonable, is the prevailing feature. Again it may be said that we do not always achieve

this ideal—sectarianism, class-feeling, submission to unwise and unreasonable leaders in labour questions or in church politics, may drive us astray into disunion; but it is this reasonable temper which we all aim at in our public life, and which we believe gives it on the whole a firmer foundation and a happier spirit than is found in any State where autocracy or bureaucracy is the dominant fact.

We admit the admirable qualities of industry and organization in the Germans : we may well take a lesson from them in these. We have often been indolent when we should have been energetic ; our powers of organization, great as they are, are apt to be too late in the field. We have often to improvise in the stress of danger machinery which might have been thought out in days of peace. But nevertheless we hold that this perfection of German organization has been bought at too heavy a price, at the price of humanity, tact, and understanding of men.

' Erkenn' dich selbst, leb' mit der Welt in Frieden,' Goethe wrote a hundred years ago in one of his noblest poems : ' Learn to know thyself and live at peace with the world.' How would Goethe think that his countrymen had learnt this lesson, if he were to see them to-day ?

The Germans are indeed self-conscious, but self-consciousness is not self-knowledge. They cannot criticize themselves, and they have never quite forgiven Heine for criticizing them. Take one glaring illustration. They have poured out money like water to saturate their enemies' countries with spies (one of the least lovely features of their military method), but they have hopelessly failed to read the mind of the peoples whose safety they were trying to undermine. They misread

the signs of the times: in England they could find only decadence and division; they could not believe that we should stir hand or foot to save the civilization of France or to fulfil our international pledges: they fondly believed that the Belgians would waive their treaty rights and obligations, and for the sake of personal security would stand aside and let them pass: they underestimated the stern determination and the fighting spirit of France, and they believed that Russia would once more be awed into impotence by the spectacle of a War Lord 'in shining armour'. It is not a question of the general policy which determined their action—it may have been fear of the Slavs, or it may have been, as many of us believe, an overmastering ambition to exercise an absolute sway in Central Europe and over the world: what we are concerned with for the moment is the fact that their social and political conditions have trained them badly for reading the character and sentiments of other nations. The militarized State, as many Germans now dolefully admit, is a blunderer in diplomacy. It has no civil sense, and it is mendacious on principle. If we admire the wonderful cohesion of all classes in Germany at this great crisis, it is well to remember that it has been purchased at a frightful cost. Where the Press is subservient to Government and the professoriate is controlled by the Prussian bureaucracy, there is little room for the free formation of opinion by the public, and no chance for honesty and truth in relations with other Powers, for the General Staff overrides the pledges and sworn words of the diplomatist. Only a social system organized to exalt the claims of Germany as something divine and different in kind from those of the rest of the world could have tolerated the 'Hymn of Hate'. To us it is more ridiculous than

appalling, because of its curious want of proportion. Most of us do not hate the Germans as a people—but we hate and abominate their methods, both in diplomacy and war, and we are profoundly indignant at the grievous wound which their Government has inflicted on humanity and international law.

Let us return to our two guiding principles. We have to look at Freedom as something more than a mere loosening of bonds, and at Justice as a living force and not a law-book or a series of orders drafted by a cynical and militarist officialism.

Freedom embodies the conditions that make possible the full exercise of all the resources of the State for a common good. Justice is to be found not in bureaucratic regulations nor mere severity of discipline or punishment, but in the provision of fair conditions of life for men, women, and children of all classes. A large proportion of the labour disputes of the last ten years are concerned with the fulfilment of this ideal. They have got a bad name, because of bad leading on both sides, but in themselves they are legitimate and an expression of a wholesome tendency—the striving of the body politic to adjust itself to the industrial and physical conditions of the time. The last word has not yet been said in this field. We have not yet learnt two great lessons—(1) That in the adjustment of industrial conditions, as of all human relations, we need to apply the highest capacity of mind and character. This is all the more necessary because the invention of limited liability companies has removed some of the more human relations between employer and employed, which naturally arose when all businesses were under private management. (2) That no business can succeed without vital co-operation among all who take part in it. This is

one among the problems which await us in time of peace. In the meantime, all of us have to think of nothing but how we can provide what is needed for the life-and-death struggle in which we are engaged.

Freedom, as I have said, has been imperfectly understood by us in the past. The Germans tell us that we have no sense of discipline. It may, indeed, be argued that our belief in personal freedom has often led to selfishness, and that our individualism has tended to weaken our regard for the claims that our country and its ideals make upon us.

We have looked at freedom too much on its negative side. That was what prevented that great man John Bright from seeing that, human nature being what it is, factory laws are desirable. It was the same negative view of freedom which delayed for many years our law on compulsory education. It has prevented us also hitherto from insisting that our children should have those elements of military training which should enable every citizen,

> if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment, to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,

to enter upon the supreme service of his country with a rudimentary acquaintance with the discipline and order of war. We protest, and rightly protest, against a militarized nation; but many of us think that the rudimentary training here spoken of would be not only a valuable discipline for character, but in all probability in the long run an insurance against war.

A nation, like every organism, has, indeed, to achieve the union of opposites. It must be strong, it must have unity and discipline, but it must also be free. Freedom of life, freedom of speech, freedom of opportunity.

Parliamentary government is, we all feel, at this moment on its trial, and many of us are ready to criticize it. The problem of the second, revising, Chamber is still but half solved, and the House of Commons, under pressure of business, seems to some of us to have lost its old character as a real arena for debate and the formation of opinion. Meantime, the claims of those free peoples who are associated with us in the British Empire are but imperfectly represented in our institutions. In a word, we are waiting for some constructive genius to find for us a solution of the great imperial problem which shall at the same time simplify our government and the business of the House of Commons. But with all the defects which it is easy to find in our machinery of government, it still remains true that more than most governments in Europe it combines the two indispensable qualities of stability and elasticity—elasticity in its power of adapting itself to new needs and new conditions, stability in a certain fundamental good sense, which prefers compromise and the spirit of give and take, founded on old traditions of free discussion, to the doctrinaire decisions of extreme partisanship. We believe that we have a government which ensures that on the whole, with all the defects of the party-system and its mechanism, the decisions of Parliament are in reasonably close correspondence with the wishes of the majority of the people.

We complain freely of our Government and its doings, and then we criticize trade unions of working men who become critical also, forgetting that it is this very power of complaint which makes our country what it is. We cannot have it both ways. Our power as a people depends on this free atmosphere of discussion, on this liberty of criticism. On the other hand we must guard

against its weakening effect in face of a common danger, and we must be ready, every man of us, to sacrifice personal comfort for the sake of success in a great cause. What is more, we must not merely learn to meet each occasion as it arises: magnificent as may be our power of improvisation, it cannot in the long run take the place of foresight and considered preparation. We must face our tasks with clearer vision; we must be less wasteful of our resources, material and moral, less hand-to-mouth in our policy, and more deliberately devote ourselves to strengthening and deepening our national character and training our people of all classes to understand our national ideal and to be able to defend it from attack.

If we turn now from our inner life as a nation to our outward relations, we find, as we might expect, that the very spirit of independence which our free institutions have fostered has made us at times indifferent to the ideals of other nations: but if we have paid too little attention to the feelings of other nations it cannot be fairly contended that as a people we have wantonly disregarded the rights of our neighbours. The picture of England as the 'robber State' is the creation of German professors trying to find in our past history an excuse for the policy of conquest they have been taught to admire. It is of a piece with the policy by which, before carrying into act some brutality in warfare, sinking merchant vessels at sight, use of poisonous gases or the like, they deliberately prepare the way by accusing the Allies of some similar offence. Our ideal has been, abroad as at home, to 'live and let live'. In the past our island position enabled us to stand aloof from many of the struggles of the Continent: if we intervened, it was in the interests of the world at large, to prevent the

domination of a single man or a single State to the detriment of the free life of the peoples of Europe. Our struggles with Louis XIV and with Napoleon, like the present war, were life-and-death struggles to preserve our national existence and the existence of other nations. We read a great deal in German journals of England's 'sea-tyranny', but when we ask for explanation the complaint seems to resolve itself into the fact that British possessions are not German, or the contention that Great Britain has no claim to the Dominions or to India or Egypt, because she has not the will or the power to impose on them a ready-made culture. Generalizing from a very imperfect knowledge of the Irish question, the Germans have been ready to imagine that our kinsmen of the Dominions and the subject-peoples under our rule would be ready to turn and rend us if only we were sufficiently hard pressed. They find it convenient to ignore the other side of the shield. They overlooked the cardinal facts of the situation. What has been the significance of our widespread possessions? They have meant that over a large part of the earth's surface there has been free access for the trade and intercourse of all nations: that by gradual stages our colonies have received ever new instalments of political power, until our Dominions stand by our side as self-governing peoples in close alliance with ourselves. They are not indeed stamped with one pattern, they produce each its own type of life and character, but they retain everywhere, as a hall-mark of their origin, the qualities of freedom and justice which we love to think characterize our State. The true spirit of our relations with the Dominions and India is to be read in the lives of scores of great Englishmen who have built up the greatness of our Empire by just and humane dealing, wise

insight, and courageous independence of character: such men as (not to mention the living) the Lawrences and Sir Charles Napier in India, Lord Durham in Canada, David Livingstone in Africa, and Sir George Grey in New Zealand.[1] Happily we can point, in the present as in the past, to a faithful succession of devoted men, some of them servants of the State, others independent explorers and missionaries, whose lives have contributed to make our Empire what it is, the home of free government and just administration. The result is to be found in the splendid patriotism of the Dominions and of India in the present war. Our Empire is indeed not an empire in the old sense, it implies no sovereign rule of an alien power over subject-peoples: except for India and Egypt, what we call our Empire is an alliance or confederation of kindred peoples, bound together by loose ties of political connexion, but closely and intimately united by common ideals and a common belief in the wholesome rule of freedom and justice. In India and Egypt we have something more nearly like what the ancient world called empire, but here again we have stood for freedom against slavery, for personal security against the tyranny of vicious kings or customs, for education and enlightenment as against obscurantism and cruelty. In these countries we have never, like the Germans, made it our mission to remake men in our own image. Just as in our great Dominion of Canada, 'French-Canadian nationality has been preserved in full vigour', so in Egypt we have announced that 'the strengthening and progress of Mohammedan institutions is naturally a matter in which His Majesty's Government takes the deepest interest'.[1]

[1] See Sir C. Lucas, *The British Empire*, which admirably expresses the spirit and ideals of British imperial rule.

We have made mistakes, we are still making them ; but still our 'civil sense' and (I dare to say) our generosity, have carried us through, and though there have been voices from time to time which have bidden us let India and Egypt go, they have not been the voice of the nation. Again it may be admitted that we have not always risen to the height of our great task. We have often taken our responsibilities too lightly. We have given too little time and thought to these things. But there are signs that this will no longer be so. Readers of the *Round Table* (the wisest and most unbiased review of imperial politics which this or any country has produced) are aware that the process of educating our Dominions in world-politics and of educating England in the politics and affairs of the Dominions is making steady progress. In this time of united effort we ought not to forget the great debt we owe to the writers in that periodical, who have been strengthening the bonds of our union by the spread of knowledge, and preparing the way for a wider British Commonwealth, which shall give fuller expression to the political genius of our race and to its characteristic qualities.

If we turn again from our own Empire to our relations with other nations, our main policy is, as it always has been, to promote freedom and free life, to prevent any world-tyranny, to encourage and support that national development in all countries which makes for the spiritual riches of the world. On the same principle we desire to preserve the smaller nations in their separate existence. To understand other nations ; to live at peace with them ; to promote by common pursuits, by co-operation in enterprises of learning and science, and by religious sympathy, the friendly relations between them ; and to strengthen, so far as may be, the peaceful

means of settling disputes between nations—these are among the objects which we should aim at in our foreign relations. These are objects which we have, as we believe, honestly striven to promote. If we have failed, it was rather from an indolent ignoring of the workings of the German mind and from a good-natured desire to think well of all men than from any disregard of international obligations.

It has been suggested in some quarters since the war began that the war is the product of secret diplomacy and that if we had had what is called 'democratic control' of foreign affairs in England war might have been averted. There is no foundation for this suggestion. Our diplomatists have acted honestly and straightforwardly. As Lord Cromer has told us (*The Times*, April 19) :

'In the great majority of cases the conduct of the individual diplomatist merely reflects as in a mirror the public opinion and standard of national morality of the people whom he represents, and there cannot be any greater mistake than to confound Continental, especially German, and British diplomacy in one general anathema.'

There has been no concealment of British views ; our main principles of foreign policy have been before the world, and we have openly exercised our influence for peace between the nations. This has been admitted by Germany herself. If for the moment our efforts for peace have broken down, it is because there are certain things more precious than peace ; freedom and justice laid inexorable demands upon us. We were bound to defend the pledged neutrality of Belgium and the independent existence of France, and to save Europe from a threatening military tyranny.

It would seem, then, that both within and without what we seek to secure as the fundamental principles of our State life are freedom and justice, and that on this foundation our ideal is to build a common life, strong and various, rich in the interplay and co-operation of all sorts and conditions of men, with adequate material resources and the possibility for all men of some share in the higher life of thought and imagination. How is this great enterprise to be confirmed and inspired? Many forces must co-operate. For many of us the strongest motive will be religious. They will find their impulse in the spirit of social service, and the personal sense of co-operation with a divine Master in a society of kindred spirits strengthened and inspired by common faith and worship. It is not necessary to dwell upon this. But if the religious motive appeals to most of us, it will appeal in various forms, and it rests with each man to see to it that his religious sympathies stretch beyond the bounds of his own church and society, and that his religion may never be used to divide or to disperse the forces which work for the character and well-being of the nation.

Let us turn to other influences. The English character is rooted in history and tradition; it is rooted also in local associations—the beauty of English fields, the glories of sea and sky, and the charm of ancient buildings. Let us remember that it lies with us to guard these beauties: not to be Huns in our own country—to defend it from outward dishonour and disfigurement. But deeper and stronger even than these incalculable influences which pass into our very substance through the associations of the senses, are those forces of imagination which for many of us control the deepest springs of our being. We have seen in the last six months

countless attempts to express the nation's hopes and fears and aspirations in poetry. Some of these have caught the best spirit of the time, and a few have touched the imagination, such as those prophetic lines of Rupert Brooke, whose death in the Aegean we all deplore :

> If I should die, think only this of me :
> That there 's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England.

But the poetry of to-day does not stand alone. In the master-poets of England [1]—in the rich pageantry and noble passion of Shakespeare, in the austere organ-voice of Milton, in the national sonnets of Wordsworth, in Tennyson's great 'Ode on the Duke of Wellington' —you will find inspiration for the principles of which you have been reminded to-day. You will find in them what all true Englishmen cherish as part of their ideal —a sense of the dignity of human life and of the gravity of its issues, a passionate love of our country and of all the subtle associations that its history and landscape call up, a conviction that no nation can thrive on tyranny, and an abiding belief in the invincible spirit of man—

> Thy friends are exultations, agonies
> And love and Man's unconquerable mind.

One word in conclusion. This war has brought home to us, as nothing ever did before, a sense of the value of our own spiritual possessions. As we have seen our young men go forth, radiant in the glory of willing service, to do battle for our great cause, as our hearts have thrilled with mingled sorrow and pride at their death, we have gained a deeper sense of all that England stands for. And we have learnt to respect the ideals of other nations. It will be long before England will

[1] See Professor E. de Sélincourt's interesting lectures on *English Poets and the National Ideal*, to which I owe the quotation from Milton on p. 7.

forget the fortitude and the patience of Belgium, the buoyant courage of the men and the noble devotion of the women of France, the gallant and invincible bravery of the Serbs, the inexhaustible energy and elasticity of that great Russian people, whom we are only beginning to understand, and whose religion and art and science are destined to give new and precious elements to the life of Europe. And we shall always think with gratitude of the valiant, generous, and admirably organized charity of the United States, which has saved the lives of our starving allies and done something to mitigate the horrors of German invasion.

In the great *Commedia* of Dante, a poem of mingled morals and politics, where the virulence of hate and scorn would become intolerable but for the glorious visions of his imagination, each of the great divisions of the poem finds its close in the beauty of the stars of heaven, the guiding influences of the spiritual life. We may find our consolation to-day, amid the anguish of loss and the sorrow for friendships parted and ideals shattered, in fixing our eyes on the guiding principles of our national ideal, seeking in the dangers and distresses of the moment new strength to carry into effect the principles by which our nation—or shall we not say our great Commonwealth of nations ?—lives and has its being, new incentives to enrich our national life and character. We have to make it worthy both of the opportunities and of the privileged position that have been given us and of the great and glorious examples that we have inherited from those who have made England what it is.

> Winds blow and Waters roll
> Strength to the brave and Power and Deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree
> Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul
> Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

It is in this spirit that as a united people we must maintain that concentrated and organized effort—with all our powers—which alone can establish our victory; and our victory, we are convinced, is the victory of freedom.

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will and soul;
There is but one task for all,
For each one life to give,
Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?[1]

[1] Rudyard Kipling. *For All We Have and Are.*

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CHARACTERS

BOMBASTES, a German hero.
SOCRATES.
HEINE.
BAYARD.
QUEEN ELIZABETH.
A CHILD.

BOMBASTES IN THE SHADES

(*The scene disclosed is filled with a kind of dewy light such as promises a clear day. Cool verdure recedes into undefined distances.* THE SHADES, *of various times and countries, pace to and fro. Among them in the centre* SOCRATES *sits meditating, with legs crossed, and the knees clasped in his hands.* HEINE, *passing, hesitates a moment, then standing over* SOCRATES, *speaks.*)

HEINE. Is it Socrates, the wisest of mortals?

SOCRATES. Socrates was my name on earth; I am less ignorant now than then. Who, friend, are you?

HEINE. One that loved Greece, though he never saw it: perhaps because he never saw it. I was a German poet. All Germany sang the songs of Heinrich Heine. But now they praise me no more; they call me a bad German, because I loved France, the land of light: because I loved Germany

so much that I dared to make fun of her, romantic, ridiculous, adorable Germany! They dreamed tremendous dreams about her, but I presumed to raise my eyes and see her as she was.

SOCRATES. Few bear to see things as they are till they come here and are taught. And did they put you to death, Heinrich Heine?

HEINE. They spared me that compliment, Socrates. But the Gods punished me, all the same.

SOCRATES. Well, here in the Shades we learn the truth; both our countrymen and ourselves.

HEINE. It seems you are happy.

SOCRATES. I was ever a devout lover of the truth.

HEINE. Truth hurts and humbles. You have been a long time among the Shades, you are used to it. But I am fresher from earth. And it seems to me that my poor countrymen will suffer bitterly, for I hear from down there cries of rage and the thunder of guns and a sound of raving and madness. And ghosts arrive, bewildered ghosts . . .

SOCRATES. Tell me of your Germany; for we Greeks knew it not.

HEINE. I look down into the mists; the vapours part, and I see it, the old Germany of my youth, the hills and the streams and the green and gold forests. A land of forests, a race of the woodlands. Elves with furry ears danced at night in the woods and whispered to sleeping mortals, and they woke and were haunted with forest dreams, with dreams and music. A simple race; joyous eaters, cordial drinkers; something akin to the brutes at bottom; but when the moon shone and the great trees trembled softly through all their leaves, then their hearts were melted, and wonder was born in them, and the oldest thoughts in the world flowed fresh from their mouths in music.

SOCRATES. Barbarians, it seems, of the milder sort.

HEINE. Ah, Socrates, mild no longer. For this folk has been bitten and poisoned. Those woods hold not only the green elves, but in every cave lurk and glare the spectacled eyes of a professor.

SOCRATES. A professor? Is that a dangerous animal?

HEINE. The most dangerous of animals, Socrates. The pedant is ferocious by nature. From him as from the brutes is withheld the divine gift of laughter. The world to him is but the stinking trail that his nose follows, and one grotesque theory that a breath of fresh air would blow away is more to him than the sun and the stars. I fought to free my country from the professors, but in vain.

SOCRATES. But these professors will not triumph in the end.

HEINE. You have not heard the worst. Scratch a pedant and you find a sentimentalist.

SOCRATES. What is a sentimentalist?

HEINE. One who is afraid of the truth and hugs the darkness in himself. And the sentimentalist in action is blood-thirsty, filled with the rage of the mediocre and the cruelty of the weak. The day of dissertations is over, the day of action has arrived. In every German cupboard is a uniform.

In a twinkling the professor turns drill-sergeant, a bulk in buttons and helmet. The officers strut, the sergeants swear, the people tramp. In all the world they see nothing but themselves—ten times larger than life.

SOCRATES. You make my flesh creep. And surely now I smell something—a smell as of sulphur and blood. Can it be one of those dangerous animals you speak of coming here?

HEINE. A candidate for the felicity of disillusion!

(*Amid the sound of an explosion* BOMBASTES *appears, with sword drawn, battle-stained and excited.*)

SOCRATES. What a terrifying apparition!

BOMBASTES. Forward, swine! Where are the enemy? (*He looks round dazed.*) That confounded shell burst right at my ear. Or is it the wine, that good Burgundy? (*Seeing* SOCRATES *and shaking him.*) Thunder and lightning, is it the Zabern cobbler? Where are my men? out with it quick!

HEINE (*coming forward*). This is the other world.

BOMBASTES (*with profound disgust*). Civilians! —Not a gun to be heard! Who are you? What trickery——

HEINE. We of the other world have the honour to salute you.

BOMBASTES. There is no other world. I have said it.

HEINE. In this world, when you have said a thing three times it is not always true.

SOCRATES. Do not provoke him; this person is alarming.

BOMBASTES (*with a grand gesture*). There is no other world. There is no . . .

HEINE. A little doubt arrives?

SOCRATES. Doubt is the beginning of wisdom—— He becomes a little calmer.

HEINE. You will learn in time. You will learn much. This is the really interesting world.

BOMBASTES (*still dazed*). So?

HEINE. Permit me to introduce you. Socrates of Athens—Bombastes of Brandenburg.

BOMBASTES (*affronted, though mechanically clicking his heels*). Bombastes ?

HEINE. The wielder of bombs, the modern Jupiter !

BOMBASTES (*pacified*). Our German bombs are indeed excellent.

HEINE. Like the rain, that falls on the just and the unjust. And so fired with the Prussian genius that they destroy beauty of their own accord. Aimed at a fortress, they fly straight to a cathedral.

BOMBASTES (*who has been staring at* SOCRATES). So this is Socrates the philosopher. We Germans, you must know, are the greatest of philosophers. You Greeks did a little in your time, you prepared the way for us——

SOCRATES. You shall teach me, Bombastes. I am always glad to learn.

BOMBASTES. What do you do here ?

SOCRATES. We learn the truth.

BOMBASTES. Only that ?

SOCRATES. The truth about ourselves, and

about the world. An absorbing occupation. It takes a long time, and is usually rather painful. It is like a slow dawn that gradually lights us up, and we see how small we were. Yet some—just a few—find themselves greater than they knew. And the things we did are burned into us, and we know what we might have done.

HEINE. Yes, Bombastes, we are all found out.

SOCRATES. Illusions are dear, we cling to them long.

HEINE. And the disillusions that were sometimes even dearer.

BOMBASTES. Then our good German truth will prevail at last over the lies of our enemies.

SOCRATES. Pardon me. The truth that is German is no doubt the best, but we poor folk have to be content with the truth that is merely true.

BOMBASTES. It is the same thing.

SOCRATES. I always loved learning, Bombastes, and I feel I am to learn from you, for your helmet is worthy of Pallas Athene. Only the brave can bear the truth, and I see you are a brave

man. Come now, you are fresh from glorious deeds. Tell me——

BOMBASTES. Glorious indeed! An insolent little state, called Belgium——

HEINE. Caesar found it troublesome, I remember.

BOMBASTES. An insolent little state dared sacrilegiously to oppose our heroic armies. These little states exist but on sufferance. What right have they to say Yes or No? The world is for the great and the strong.

SOCRATES. And justice?

BOMBASTES. Is the will of the stronger.

SOCRATES. I seem to have heard that before. You would say, then, that size is the measure of greatness?

HEINE. Oh, Socrates, forbear. This asking of inconvenient questions——

SOCRATES. Yes, I bored the Athenians with my questions, that is why they made me drink hemlock. They could not endure to be bored. But, Bombastes——

HEINE. You need not ask. He is telling you.

BOMBASTES. Force, I say, and the will to use force to the uttermost, that is the one truth and the only reality. You, Socrates, I remember, were a citizen of a small state, a mere city and a very talkative city. You could not know.

SOCRATES. Then Germany is the strongest of all the nations.

BOMBASTES. The only strong nation. The most powerful nation, the most resolute, the most learned, the most enlightened. The world is for Germany, and by force she will impose her enlightenment, her arts, her freedom on it.

SOCRATES. Happy world! Truly happy! Hark, do I not hear a murmur of rejoicing borne to us from earth even here?

HEINE. To me it sounds rather like groaning and wailing.

BOMBASTES. Benighted fools! They oppose us. It is incredible, but they resist.

SOCRATES. Man is a creature born perverse.

BOMBASTES. With masterly hand we sow

quarrels and discord among the nations. The races they oppress, already inflamed by admirable pamphlets, written in the proper languages, and distributed by our agents, will run to taste the blessings of our German freedom. Meanwhile we have the biggest guns. Our cannon are colossal. Resistance is vain.

SOCRATES. It is thus, then, that the world is enlightened ?

HEINE. Enlightened indeed !

BOMBASTES. Yes, the whole world shall recognize that we are the most conscientious as the most intellectual of peoples ; in our mailed fist we carry the standard of the noblest morality. When with Siegfried-arm we have struck out and the world is at our feet, then our professors will explain.

SOCRATES. Professors ! But Heine here tells me that professors are dangerous animals.

BOMBASTES. Heine ! The Jew, the renegade, the Paris refugee ! It is he ? This is a plot, a conspiracy. You baldhead that call yourself

Socrates, I believe you are the cobbler of Zabern after all. You are laughing at me, both of you.

SOCRATES. We are infinitely serious, I assure you.

BOMBASTES. You are going to laugh at me. I see it in your faces. It is an insult to this sacred uniform. Reptiles, I will teach you how we deal with such rabble.

(*He lunges with his sword at* HEINE. *The sword crumples up in his hand.*)

HEINE. Is a smile permitted ?

BOMBASTES. Damnation !—I will not soil myself by chastising you. Civilians !

HEINE. We were soldiers too.

BOMBASTES. Soldiers ! Food for powder ! What war, then, did you fight in ?

HEINE. In the liberation war of humanity.

BOMBASTES. Journalists' cant.

HEINE. It is true we were always defeated.

BOMBASTES. I should think so.

HEINE. But the victory goes on, though we died.

BOMBASTES (*stamping*). Are there no police here? These talkers should be clapped in prison. (*Fuming up and down.*) It is intolerable the impudence of these civilians. They even treacherously take weapons to shoot at armed men, a thousand times their number.

HEINE. O grossly disrespectful!

BOMBASTES. Our glorious Zeppelins, inflated with German genius, fabulously costly, colossal, sailing with eagle pride over land and sea, even on these a miserable civilian, afraid for his wretched roof, has dared to fire. Well may it be said, the age of chivalry is over!

HEINE. Here comes one who can tell you of chivalry,—Bayard, the chevalier without fear and without reproach.

BOMBASTES. At last a soldier!

(BAYARD *enters. His eyes are fixed on certain* SHADES *who begin to appear from the background; French and Belgian old men, women, and children, dishevelled, with torn clothing and the*

marks of murder on them. Some cling together, immobile with terror at the sight of BOMBASTES*; others draw themselves up with proud defiance, others wander with dazed looks.* BAYARD *moves slowly towards them. They remain mute. The mothers draw their children to them, distrustful of the sight of men.*)

HEINE. Chevalier! . . . But who are these? New apparitions from the world of the slain? One would think they had lost their way. What a darkness is in their eyes!

BOMBASTES (*turning round*). Do you follow me here, vermin? Must we exterminate you twice?

HEINE. Chevalier, behold the conqueror and the conquered. Behold Europe's modern hero; the flower of a great nation. It is a flower with an odour of blood.

BAYARD (*deeply moved, to the* SHADES). My children!

BOMBASTES. They presumed to defend their homes, such was their base treachery ; and they were righteously punished.

BAYARD (*ignoring him*). My children. You suffered, you bled, you were tortured, you were trodden down and slain. But yours is the victory. Even now in the hearts of your sons and your brothers you breathe invincible ardour. The fields of France and Flanders are red with a glory that is yours. Courage ! Truth is here.

BOMBASTES. War is war.

BAYARD. And beasts are beasts, but men are men. I fought for France. I fought with brave men, sword to sword. We made no war on women and on children. But now it seems the victors butcher, and applaud themselves for butchery.

BOMBASTES. My heart bleeds for the victims. Truly generous is the German soul. But humanitarian sentiments must yield to the necessity of war. There, he who would be truly merciful must show no mercy. He must strike

down all in his path with the hammer of Thor. Your age of Paladins is over. This is the age of science. France has grown effete, luxurious, pitiful. We Germans alone, the sons of Odin, grasping in firm hand the torch of science, have dared to face reality. We alone dare to be sincere, and make war with ruthless will. It is inexorable Nature that cries, Woe to the vanquished !

BAYARD (*turning for the first time to* BOMBASTES). Woe to the conqueror rather !

HEINE. Which has he bought dearer, the tears of men and women or the laughter of the Gods ?

BOMBASTES. What, are we to forgo the spoils and the reward of all our sacrifices ? We too have suffered, not as casual victims, but as heroes who knew and braved the worst, prodigal of our utmost efforts because our purpose was of steel, sacrificing all with clear eyes to the sublime will of the State.

BAYARD. We know of no State here. There are but men and women. In all the world there are but men and women. You too are but a man,

though you have forgotten it. You have made an idol of your State to be a traitor to your kind. (BAYARD *passes out.*)

BOMBASTES (*roaring*). A traitor, I? A puny Frenchman dares to say it!

HEINE. It is time to escape. Now he will explode like one of his beloved bombs. (*Passes out with* SOCRATES.)

BOMBASTES. Traitor! These are the traitors. Miscreants, hirelings of the hypocrite England—England clutching her money-bags in terror of the German name and egging on the world to strike us in the back. England, the detestable, the arch-traitor.

Q. ELIZABETH (*entering, with alert firm steps*). Who speaks of England?

BOMBASTES. I spit upon her name. Civilization disowns her. What woman are you?

Q. ELIZABETH. England's sometime queen. So this is our new Spaniard, but without the Spaniard's manners, it appears. What, then, are England's crimes?

BOMBASTES. The colony-snatcher, dead to every sentiment of honour, mean, calculating, covetous, cold! We hate her, we hate England with our very souls. Our very greetings to each other are a curse on England. Treacherously she seizes our commerce, inhumanly she blockades our coasts and seeks to starve our noble, our highly-educated population.

Q. ELIZABETH. And what will you do to England, O most magnanimous people?

BOMBASTES. We will seize her colonies, we will sink her merchant ships at sight, we will starve her out, the land of cowards.

Q. ELIZABETH. You follow where she leads the way. Fie, to ape inhuman cowards!

BOMBASTES. When the Fatherland is in danger, all is permitted. Away with moral superstitions! Ah, when we get there, when London shrieks and is in flames! We have foreseen everything. Our German organization is irresistible. Neatly, with the fire-engines of the English, we shall pump petroleum into their homes. To warm

one's hands at the blaze, to shoot them down as they run screaming like rabbits from their houses! We will kill, kill, kill; we will destroy everything, everything.

Q. ELIZABETH. Fee, fi, fo, fum. This is a pretty devil, to button itself in a panoply of all the virtues. Were we on earth again, I would box those big ears of yours, woman as I am.

BOMBASTES. In my country we listen not to women. When the officer walks the pavement women must take the gutter. What right has England to complain? The bones of a single German soldier are worth more than all this British Empire. Empire! An Empire is built of blood and iron. This thing they call an empire, scattered over the globe, without logic, without organization, we will break it in our German hands, we the world-hammers on the anvil of destiny. It transgresses every rule laid down by our professors; it has no right to exist. We forbid its existence.

Q. ELIZABETH. The things that grow

outlast the things that are built. My adventurers sowed the seeds, and while we slept a great tree branched abroad.

BOMBASTES. Robbers ! But we will take it all ; we will rule it as it should be ruled. Everywhere shall our iron heel be pressed. We will impose on it at last our glorious German freedom.

Q. ELIZABETH. What a plague of big words has this monster got ! Terrify me not with spiked helmet and moustachios : there is a man somewhere within, behind these mouthings —just a man, if we could prick him. A man that has to learn and to unlearn. England has learned and unlearned. The waves and the winds have taught her. Does the sailor who learns to outface the storms set his ignorant will against the ocean ? Does he destroy to subdue, or forbid the winds to blow against him ?

BOMBASTES. I talk of men, not wind and water.

Q. ELIZABETH. The race of men are as

the sea-streams—turbulent, alive. As the captain makes the will of the wind his own, so must he who would be master of men. Free men only are worth the leading. Learn of the sea, our rough cradle, the most glorious of English graves.

BOMBASTES. Ha, ha! England grasps the trident, but we will wrest it from her feeble hand. Then she will use a different speech; then will she learn the way of the true conqueror.

Q. ELIZABETH. The destiny of conquerors is noble, but it is not to conquer; it is to provoke the spirit of the free, and kindle them to burning.

BOMBASTES. What do you know of conquerors, woman of England? We, the race of heroes, will destroy you with the fierce blast of our hate. We hate with a holy hatred.

Q. ELIZABETH. Hate is but rubbish here; the world's old rubbish.

BOMBASTES. Nothing shall tear this hate from me. It is in the violent beat of this heart: it is our health, our blood.

Q. ELIZABETH. Hate is for fools. Would you stick your head in a sack and stumble in darkness? then hate your fill. For he who hates understands nothing: he cannot even see the one he hates. You will be late in learning, but you will learn at last. Here in the Shades we see, we have no need to hate.

BOMBASTES. I will hate, I will hate to the end.

Q. ELIZABETH. Poor conqueror! Having seized all the virtues and the arts, you would conquer truth too.

BOMBASTES. Sublime ambition! To conquer truth! The last and most splendid of all the German conquests! To conquer truth and make it German. To sweep through the Shades—thus!

Q. ELIZABETH. Fill your mouth, strike your attitudes. Be sublime, while you may. (*She passes on.*)

(HEINE *and* SOCRATES *re-enter.*)

HEINE. Not yet exploded? Is he turned to stone? Alas, how like a German statue!

(BOMBASTES, *still fixed in heroic attitude, seems to turn pale and shiver. A child stares up at him.*)

CHILD. Why does the big Boche tremble? Is he afraid of us?

SOCRATES. A child's eyes are like the truth. It is the truth he is beginning to see. And truth sometimes is terrible. But it will be a long time before he sees it all.

HEINE. A long, long time. Unfortunate Bombastes! Already his own deeds begin to appear before him, one after one, the deeds he gloried in: not as they used to appear, dazzling in haloes of argument and saluted with boasts and applause, but naked and small and ugly, and stale and evil-smelling. The dawn of the drunkard! It is no use to shut your eyes, Bombastes. Truth is truth, and must be faced. It is your soul that is invaded now. The menacing helmet that made fat grocers in the café quake like a blanc-mange lest they should offend you by their existence; the sabre whose rattlings sent exquisite thrills of

blood-thirstiness down the spines of black-coated professors; the uniform, sacred insignia of almightiness; even that splendour of stupidity against which the Gods strove in vain,—you will be despoiled of all, Bombastes. And he who comes cannot be killed, cannot be escaped. He will stand in your eyes for ever, you will see him clearer and clearer. He is yourself, Bombastes, your very self. Your victims are avenged.

Printed in England at the Oxford University Press

OXFORD PAMPHLETS

1914–1915

CANADA AND THE WAR

BY

A. B. TUCKER

Price Twopence net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
HUMPHREY MILFORD
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY

CANADA AND THE WAR

Canada, when the war broke out, was passing through a period of severe industrial and financial depression, in common with the rest of the civilized world. Capital had practically stopped flowing in from this country, and the Dominion, as a new country developing its natural resources and largely dependent on the London market for the capital needed for that purpose, was hard hit, more so perhaps than some of her neighbours. A rigid economy became necessary. Work on public undertakings for the most part came to an end, and there was a pause in the rapidity of railway construction that had characterized the prosperous years that had preceded this period of depression. In this country there was a feeling that Canada had been trying to progress too quickly and had been somewhat reckless in her expenditure. In the case of some of the smaller western towns, perhaps, public expenditure had been in advance of actual needs. This had been caused largely by the enormous immigration that had taken place. Towns had sprung up in no time ; where a few years ago there was bald prairie would be found an ambitious little town of a few thousand inhabitants. If so much could be done in one decade, much more would be done in the next. So reasoned these western Canadians, to whom optimism is as the breath of their nostrils. And when the charge of extravagance is brought against them, it must also be admitted that they had some reason for their faith in the future. This optimism, which is sometimes deprecated over here, is an asset in the new country, and

Canada would not be where she is to-day if it had not been for the optimism of her sons. The Canadian Pacific Railway would never have been built across the bare prairie—to nowhere, so to speak, if far-seeing men had not intelligently anticipated the future.

Nothing could demonstrate the vitality and energy of the Canadian people more convincingly than the manner in which they met the news of the outbreak of the war. They were hardly in a condition, one would think, to bear any additional burdens. The news of the declaration of war came suddenly, and with a spontaneity that has astonished the world, Canada recognized that this was her war quite as much as it was the Old Country's. General von Bernhardi, whose prophecies about the war have fallen singularly short of fulfilment, stated and believed that the self-governing colonies of the British Empire could be complacently ignored so far as a European War was concerned. In this he proved himself as in other matters to be not a true prophet. Indeed, the tie between the Dominions Overseas and Great Britain is wholly beyond the comprehension of German writers. Dealing with Bernhardi's statement that the colonies might be ignored, Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, said after the declaration of war :

> I venture to predict that before this war closes, unless it reaches a conclusion sooner than we can reasonably expect, the German armies will find confronting them 2,500,000 men from these same self-governing dominions. These men, with the forces of the Empire, will deem it an honour to fight side by side with the valiant troops of France and Belgium, whose courage and endurance under the most deadly trials have already aroused the admiration of the world. . . We have not glorified war nor sought to depart from the paths of peace, but our hearts are

> firm and united in the inflexible determination that the cause for which we have drawn the sword shall be maintained to an honourable and triumphant issue.

These words of Sir Robert Borden were no idle boast. He knew his people and the response they would give to the Empire's call. The Canadian people have recognized from the first that when Great Britain is at war Canada is at war, and there has been no hesitation in their eagerness to take up their share of the burden. When war was declared, the excitement throughout the Dominion reached fever heat. What occurred at Winnipeg was characteristic of the feeling throughout the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the international boundary to the far north. Large crowds assembled outside the newspaper offices anxiously awaiting the latest news from Europe. Immediately the word went forth that Great Britain had declared war, the people went wild with enthusiasm. They waved hats and handkerchiefs, and called for cheers for Canada and the Old Flag, Tommy Atkins, Jack Tar, the commanders of the British Navy and Army, Sir Robert Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and other prominent Canadians. And behind all this exuberant demonstration there was a grave and set determination to 'see this thing through'. With the announcement that British troops were to cross the Channel to take their place alongside the French and Belgian armies, came the realization that Canada's manhood would also have to take its place in the firing line. For a moment the crowd was sobered, but just then the music of the Veterans' Regimental Band was heard coming down the main street. The people rushed to cheer the men who had already taken their part in the defence of the empire. No sooner had the Veterans passed than the 90th

Regiment came by, and a deafening cheer met the regiment—a cheer that was repeated again and again when it was seen that there were in the ranks a large number of recruits in mufti. All over Canada there was the same enthusiasm. Financial depression was forgotten, and even party feeling—politics play a large part in Canadian life—was laid aside, and the people of Canada stood united like one man, animated with one sole object, to 'see the thing through'.

The well-known Canadian writer 'Ralph Connor' gave utterance to the sentiments of the people when he said:

> There is no truce, nor can be. No peace is possible. Two sets of principles are in death grips—force as an empire-builder against the will of a free people, justice as an international arbiter as against the sword of the mighty, international honour as an eternal obligation rather than as a mere temporary convenience. These things make peace impossible, and these things make war worth while. What, then, is Canada's immediate duty? It stands as clear as the morning sun above the prairie rim. The Empire stands to-day for liberty, justice, honour among nations and men, and Canada stands with the Empire for these. It is no longer a question of a colony giving support to the motherland. We have gone far past that. It is a question of whether Canada shall stand with free nations who believe in government by free choice, justice among nations, honour as an eternal obligation, and with her last man and her last dollar fight for these things that determine a nation's character and its place in history. I repeat that it is no longer a question of aiding the motherland in a fight for national or empire existence. Canada is herself a nation with a proud sense of nationhood. Canada's future is involved in this conflict, and with every instinct of her national soul and with every throb of her national life she hates and opposes the spirit, the ideals, the

methods for which the German Kaiser with his Prussian Junkerdom is now so desperately contending.

This was the spirit in which Canada met the crisis. The Opposition no less than the Government flung themselves wholeheartedly into the work of speedily putting to some practical purpose the sentiments that had stirred the people of Canada to the very depths. Quickly a contingent of 33,000 men was raised, and the village of Valcartier, about eighteen miles from Quebec, was in a few weeks turned into a military camp. Crops were gathered in, and farmsteads disappeared to make way for rows of white tents. The peaceful village was replaced by a martial city complete with streets, sewers, and water mains, electric lights, and telephone. The troops began to roll in from every quarter of Canada. There was no lack of men to volunteer for service. Recruiting went on briskly, and men had to be turned away in scores and await formation of further contingents. In a few weeks the contingent of 33,000 men were dispatched to this country to undergo training on Salisbury Plain. The transports were convoyed over by British warships and landed here without being interfered with by the enemy—a wonderful lesson to the world on the sea-power of Great Britain. In the meantime the Royal Canadian Regiment, a Regular regiment, had been dispatched to garrison Bermuda, and further contingents for service at the front—a second and a third—were being recruited. And now a fourth is being enrolled.

It is significant of the depth of Canadian feeling on the subject of the war that a journal always so sympathetic towards pacifism as the Toronto *Globe* should be found calling upon the Dominion Government to do even more than it has done in the way of sending men

to the front. This journal asked the other day why the Royal Canadian Regiment, consisting of almost a thousand of Canada's well-trained professional soldiers, should remain resting in garrison in Bermuda instead of being sent to France, and their places taken by partly-drilled Canadian Volunteers. Again, it remarked that 1,200 men of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, the best and most experienced horsemen and skilled rifle shots in America, are 'fairly itching to get into action'. The ranks of 1,000 could easily be filled, said the *Globe*, with partially-trained home defenders. 'The Germans", added the journal, 'won't wait until untrained officers and men are licked into shape.' The *Globe*, which strenuously opposed Sir Robert Borden's proposal to vote three Dreadnoughts to the navy, has in the matter of the war given most generous support to the Government. It declared the other day that outside the large centres of population, the war was regarded as something remote and interesting only as a drama, the action of which may be followed in the daily press, and it went on to say :

> It is time to wake up. The Empire is fighting a life-and-death battle. British liberty is in danger. Canada's own national existence is in peril. What consideration could be expected in the event of a victory for German militarism, from the men who burned Louvain, who wrecked Rheims, and who are now slaying defenceless non-combatants with bombs dropped from the clouds by invisible murderers ? The heel of the conqueror would be heavy upon us. Our sons would no longer be volunteers but conscripts. And there would be no help from our neighbours to the south. The United States would hardly care to challenge the might of the Germanic powers were they to prove themselves stronger than Britain, France, and Russia combined.

These are striking words, especially seeing the source from which they come, and it is interesting to note the moral which the writer draws :

> What is the remedy ? Clearly there is need for a campaign of education. The country requires information as to the causes of the war, the issues involved, and the pressing need for men. The members of Parliament should be busy night after night in their constituencies and at convenient centres ; wherever audiences from the townships can be gathered, public men of prominence like Sir Robert Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir George Foster, Premier Hearst, and Mr. Rowell should be invited to speak to the people. The call comes clearest to young Canada. In the fight for freedom the Dominion turned to him, confident that he will not hear unmoved the cry : ' Your King and country need you.'

The first Canadian contingent has now been for some months on active service, and soon won praise from high quarters when they had been only a few days in the trenches. General Alderson wrote to Sir George Perley, saying :

> I knew they would do well, but they have done much better than I expected, and all has gone with less trouble than was anticipated. All, Artillery, Infantry, Engineers, Medical people, Supply, &c. have settled into their places and work in a way that makes me both pleased and proud.

Lord Kitchener, in making a statement in the House of Lords after the battle at Neuve Chapelle, said :

> I should like also to mention that the Canadian Division showed their mettle and have received the warm commendation of Sir John French for the spirit and bravery with which they have performed their part.

Since then, as every one knows, the Canadians have won lasting fame at the battle of Ypres, where they

succeeded in 'saving the situation'. Unsupported they held the Germans when the French line gave way owing to the descending fumes of the gas the Germans sent into their midst. As one officer, in speaking of the battle, said, 'The Canadians have achieved glory that will never be forgotten, but the price paid was awful'. The casualties numbered over 6,000, and the list at the time of writing is said to be incomplete. Of the battalions engaged, some had only a pitiful remnant left, but Ypres was saved.

A second contingent of 10,000 men has been recruited and dispatched to this country, and a third contingent is being raised. Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, has declared that if necessary 200,000 to 300,000 men will be furnished by Canada.

The attitude of Canada with regard to the war has proved a sad disappointment to Germany. German statesmen expected that the 2,500,000 of French Canadians would not be too willing to fight for their national liberty, that the 400,000 Germans and 120,000 Austrians in Canada would remain absolutely and entirely neutral. Instead of that, the French Canadians are organizing complete units of their own race and creed for the contingents, and in the city of Berlin, Ontario, where the population is mostly of German birth or extraction, the inhabitants have passed resolutions supporting the Allies, besides contributing large sums of money for the purposes of the war. Again, when the Dominion Parliament met in February, the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved by Mr. William G. Weichsel, the German Canadian representative of North Waterloo, Ontario, and was seconded by Mr. Honore Achim, the French Canadian representative of Labelle, Quebec. The French Cana-

dians' support of the cause is easy to understand, though it is probably due quite as much to the German outrage upon the little nation of Belgium as to the menace to the ancient motherland of the province of Quebec. But the German Canadians' sympathy with Great Britain is not so easy to understand. Most likely the reason is to be found in the past history of British institutions in Canada. Germans find freedom, popular government, and democratic institutions in Canada, and soon become good Canadians. The contributions to British and Canadian patriotic funds from German settlements in Ontario, such as Berlin, Waterloo, Hanover, Preston, and Zurich, have been on as generous a scale as those from purely British communities. The Germans in the West are comparatively newcomers in Canada, and have not had time to appreciate to the full the boon of living under free British institutions, but even with them German intrigues have failed to evoke sympathy. It may be said, indeed, that Canada, though she has a large population of foreign emigrants, has taken up her share of the burden of the war without a single dissentient voice being raised against her policy.

It is not only in sending troops to the battlefields of Europe that Canada has shown her patriotism. In the matter of money and money's worth she has not been behind in her contributions to her own national patriotic fund. Provincial Governments, municipalities, and individual citizens have vied with each in giving to the many societies devoted to the welfare of the wounded, the assistance of those dependent on men who have volunteered for service, and kindred objects. But, as Mr. J. Obed Smith, head of the Canadian Emigration Department in London, pointed out the other day in an admirable address, Canada has not stopped here.

The Dominion—to quote from Mr. Smith's summary—has sent 1,000,000 bags of flour to be baked into quartern loaves, free of charge, by bakers in England, and to be distributed among the necessitous poor. A grant has also been made of $100,000 for the Hospice Canadien in France, and $50,000 for Belgian sufferers. The province of Alberta has given 500,000 bushels of oats to the Mother Country and 5,000 bags of flour to the Belgians; British Columbia 1,000,000 cans of salmon, and $5,000 to the Belgian Relief Fund; Manitoba 50,000 bags of flour, and $5,000 to the Belgian Relief Fund; New Brunswick 100,000 bushels of potatoes, and 15,000 barrels of potatoes to the Belgian Relief Fund; Nova Scotia $100,000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund, apples for troops, food and clothing for Belgians; Ontario $500,000 in cash, 250,000 bags of flour, 100,000 pounds of apples for the navy, £15,000 to the Belgian Relief Fund; Prince Edward Island 100,000 bushels of oats, besides cheese and hay. Quebec has given four million pounds of cheese, and $25,000 to the Belgians; Saskatchewan 1,500 horses for remounts to the British Empire, and $5,000 to Belgians, while cities like Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto, besides contributing largely to funds, are providing batteries of guns and other war requisites. The American citizens in Toronto have contributed $125,000 to the families of Canadian volunteers. A gentleman in Montreal has given his steam yacht, paid the cost of taking the 5th Royal Highlanders to Europe, and presented $500,000 to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. Another has raised a regiment of infantry at his own cost. The scattered settlers of the Hudson Bay district have collected £600 towards the expense of the war. The members of the North-West Mounted Police have given £173 and are contributing one day's pay every

month as long as it is required for the purposes of the war. The far-off district of the Yukon, in the Arctic Circle, has offered to provide 500 men and has given £1,200 in cash. Mention must also be made of two submarines bought by the Dominion Government for the defence of the Pacific coast.

The native Red Man of Canada is also desirous of taking his share with his white brother. At a recent meeting of the Blood Indians, the tribal funds were voted to the sum of £200, and the resolution was signed by Chief Shot-Both-Sides and Chief Ermine Waters. This is typical of the resolutions of some seventeen other tribes, who, in all, have contributed £2,600. Some of the Redskins are already members of the Canadian Contingent on Salisbury Plain, and several tribes in Northern British Columbia have offered to form a corps of Guides, though it is difficult to see just how they could be useful on the Continent of Europe.

McGill University is equipping an ambulance corps officered by its own students, and the University of Toronto has offered to provide and equip a base hospital with 1,040 beds manned by its own medical students and staff.

This list of donations is, no doubt, far from complete, but it will suffice to show how eager Canadians are to do their part. It may safely be said that there is not in the whole of Canada a single village which has not contributed to some patriotic fund. Nor must the excellent work of the Canadian Red Cross Society be overlooked. It will be a surprise to many to know that Canada's assistance in the care of the wounded has been perhaps on an even more lavish scale than her other valuable help. Through the kindness of Lieutenant-Colonel Hodgetts, Canadian Red Cross Commissioner,

the writer is able to give the following details of the Red Cross work that Canada is doing. The Mount Vernon Hospital at Hampstead was for a time officered by Canadian doctors and nurses who have since been ordered to France. Here it should be said that some 300 Canadian nurses have come over as part of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. These nurses—Nursing Sisters is their proper title—have the honorary rank of Lieutenant; and in their smart uniform, which is thoroughly military in appearance, the two stars on the shoulder indicate their rank.

The Canadian Army Medical Corps, in command of which is General Carlton Jones, has taken over Moore Barracks, Shorncliffe Camp, and fitted it up to take in 700 patients. Other hospitals in which Canadians are interested are :

The Duchess of Connaught's Canadian Red Cross Hospital is situated at Cliveden, Taplow, which was kindly lent by Mr. and Mrs. Astor. The hospital was equipped by the Canadian Red Cross Society, and is maintained by Canadian funds. This hospital, which has for some time been receiving wounded soldiers, is being enlarged to the capacity of 500 beds.

The Queen's Canadian Hospital, Shorncliffe, which is maintained by the Canadian War Contingent Association (a body of London Canadians), which equipped it. The building was generously provided by Sir Arthur and Lady Markham. Sir William Osler and Mr. Donald Armour are in charge, and the nurses are all Canadians.

The women in Canada have provided the Canadian Women's Hospital with 100 beds as an addition to the Naval Hospital at Haslar, and have furnished forty motor ambulance cars.

The Hospital at Le Touquet, though equipped and

maintained by the War Office, is entirely officered by Canadian doctors and nurses.

The Military Hospital at Dinard is the result of a gift from the Canadian Government to the French War Office of $100,000 to equip and run for one year a hospital with one hundred beds. It is controlled by the Hon. Philippe Roy, Canadian Commissioner in Paris, and is officered by French surgeons and nurses. The Canadian Red Cross Society has also contributed £15,000 in cash, and handed over twelve motor ambulances as a gift to the British Red Cross Society. It has also given £1,900 to supply one coach in Princess Christian's hospital train. It has besides handed over to the British Red Cross Society 10,000 blankets, 10,000 pairs of socks, and 10,000 flannel shirts ; and has contributed £2,500 to the St. John's Ambulance Association for the equipping of one ward of the hospital to be set up in France and operated by the Association. In addition some twenty doctors and sixteen nurses have been loaned to the military hospital at Boulogne. The people of the cities and towns of the province of Quebec are contributing very generously towards a French Military Hospital. Handsome gifts have also been given by several wealthy Canadians.

Nor have the unhappy Belgian refugees been forgotten in Canada. In the work of contributing supplies for distressed Belgians, Nova Scotia has taken a leading part. No fewer than four vessels have come from Halifax with cargoes of food and clothing for the refugees. These supplies have been taken to Holland, where they are distributed by the American Relief Committee.

Canada is also helping the Empire in other ways, and though, perhaps, these other ways should not be spoken of in the same connexion as her generous gifts, they are

none the less very useful. In the first place she is preparing to provide this country with more wheat than she usually exports to us. The Canadian Government has done all it could to encourage the sowing of an increased acreage with wheat, and the result has been a 'Back to the land' movement. A larger area than ever will be put under crop this year, and with anything like favourable climatic conditions the augmented harvest ought to go far towards maintaining the food supplies of the world, which might otherwise have been seriously jeopardized. The Dominion has also been supplying large quantities of ammunition to the War Office. She is also supplying woollen clothing, preserved foodstuffs, and harness. It is estimated that the amount of orders placed in Canada by the British, French, and Russian Governments already exceeds in value £8,000,000. The War Office has also gone to Canada for remounts. The Canadian Government is also helping the Mother Country by prohibiting the export to any enemy country of nickel, of which she owns nearly all the world's supply. These services are quoted merely to show how useful Canada has been in supplying war material, for, of course, the benefit has been mutual. Many factories in Canada have been kept working which would otherwise have been on half time, if not closed down.

In one respect Canada must suffer through the war, and that is in the drying up of the flow of emigration into the country. Here, be it said, she has shown an unselfish patriotism. Usually at this time of the year Canadian emigration agents are busy procuring emigrants. To-day, if some young man of service age presents himself at the emigration offices he is advised to join the army. The very windows of the Emigration Offices at Charing Cross tell the story of the Canadian Govern-

ment's policy. Instead of the usual exhibition of Canadian produce and pictures meant to attract emigrants, all the window space is devoted to recruiting pictures. The motor vans which used to tour the country-side with lectures on what Canada had to offer settlers, are now being used by the War Office.

Thus in every possible direction Canada is playing her part right well; and when we think of what she has done and is doing we must remember that she is accepting her share of the burdens of a war that was made without her having a word to say in the matter. She is bearing heavy increased taxation to meet her responsibilities—a heavy burden on a young nation. In addition she has had to take extensive measures for the defence of her own territory, and her frontier line is one of 3,000 miles in length. Canada is not looking to the Monroe doctrine to protect her, but intends to defend herself. Sir Wilfrid said the other day, 'If Canada is to be saved, I do not want her saved by the Monroe doctrine, but by the Canadian people'. This war seems to have brought within sight a time when the Dominions Overseas will have to be represented in the Councils of the Empire. As things are at present, the Mother Country has no right to demand any help from Dominions, though experience has taught her that she may confidently look for it. Sir George Perley, the Acting High Commissioner for Canada, speaking in London recently, said:

> We have full autonomy in self-government in the Dominions, but we have no voice in foreign policy, nor in the issues of war and peace, nor in any of the other matters that are of common interest to the whole Empire. We have come to the period of development in our Empire relationship when we must come closer together, otherwise we may drift gradually apart. We must look forward to a not distant future when there

> will be brought into operation some altered arrangements by which the Dominions will be called to the Councils of the Empire in matters affecting Imperial questions.

Since this speech was made, the Imperial Government has announced that the Dominions Overseas are to be consulted as to terms of peace when the war is over. This, it is to be hoped, is a beginning of the recognition that is due to the daughter nations who have shown such magnificent readiness to stand by the Mother Land in time of trouble.

Surely it is the irony of fate that this war, which, it was prophesied by German writers, was to rend the British Empire in pieces, should be the means of binding fastly together the nations which make up that Empire. The silver lining to the black clouds of war is to be found in the fact that the German Emperor is unwittingly cementing the bonds which unite the daughter nations of the Empire to the Mother Country.

Printed in England at the Oxford University Press

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1914–1915

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BY

IVO D'O. ELLIOTT, I.C.S.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
HUMPHREY MILFORD
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY

THE HISTORICAL PRECEDENT FOR THE NEW ARMY

THE great wars at the end of the eighteenth century give the only real precedent for the present war in Europe. It is, however, a precedent which is strangely mixed, for the situation would be most closely reproduced if we could imagine in those earlier wars a struggle between Revolutionary France and Napoleonic France. There is so much on the side of the Allies of that day which seems to belong to an old world. The small monarchies which confronted the Revolution are for the most part historical facts which Europe has left behind, although, through Napoleon, they have handed down an evil tradition of dynastic diplomacy ; even the larger, more modern Powers which overthrew Napoleon have, despite the national movements which gave them strength, something of the unreality of an ancient epoch, so hard is it now to grasp the pretensions of the Holy Alliance as being the real concepts of modern statesmen. But the spirit of the Napoleonic empire is still a modern factor, for the Germans are conscious imitators of its methods, and particularly of the errors which notoriously led to its fall ; and on the other side it is possible to see in this struggle a last assault on the new principles of the Revolution, an assault conducted with the same devotion to over-minute efficiency, the same highly capable yet often amazingly stupid bureaucratic administration, the same excessive regard for material motives, and contempt for the feelings of men, which

marked the rule of Napoleon—an assault, however, which is being met not merely by the same weapon of nationality, but by the true hope of liberty, equality, and fraternity which were the first principles of Revolutionary France.

It is curious also to see the parallelism between the two great wars even on the military side. I would illustrate this by two campaigns, one Napoleonic and one Republican. The former I need not describe in detail, for it is a precedent only for the Germans ; the latter I would develop at more length, for it is a remarkable and an encouraging precedent for England. The miniature of the present campaign in Europe is the campaign in Saxony in 1813. At the conclusion of the armistice Napoleon stood in Saxony with perhaps 440,000 men opposing the converging attack of 510,000 allies, a numerical disparity which was balanced by his central position. Yet in spite of his splendid conceptions and the skilful combination of his troops, so comparable in that small area to the German use of the strategic railway system, he was ruined utterly by the same elements which again are on the side of the Allies, by the exhaustion of his troops and his marked inferiority in reserves, by the gradual failure of his supplies in food and material, and above all by his impossible attempts to maintain the offensive at all costs and on all sides ; and the sudden collapse of Leipsic was consolidated by the desertion of his former ally Bavaria, whose position was that of the neutral European States to-day.

The other campaign, the omen of success for the principles of the Revolution, as that of 1813 is the omen of failure for the principles of Napoleon, is the Republican campaign in Flanders in 1793–4. The strategical interest is obvious, for the opposing armies or groups covered almost exactly the line of the present battle of the West,

from the North Sea to Switzerland, and the same incidents are thus being reproduced on the larger scale that the greater intensity of the present war necessitates.

In August 1793, after the failure in the spring of the French offensive both on the Rhine and in Holland, the main French forces on the northern frontier were pivoted on the fortress of Lille, being linked by a weak covering force with a second group on the fortified line from Maubeuge to the Meuse at Givet. Valenciennes was captured, and an advance in the centre promised the destruction of the Maubeuge group, or even the capture of Paris ; but the Austrians did not dare to pursue their success in the centre at the risk of exposing their right flank to the disordered yet still uncrushed army on the Scarpe. In September 1914 the French offensive had failed again both in the east and in the west, and the Germans took the risk which the Austrians declined a century before : they advanced on the centre between the powerful groups of Paris and the Meuse, exposed their flank to Paris, and were beaten in the battle of the Marne. 1793 closed, as did 1914, with the successful defence of the French line. Hondschoote preserved Dunkirk and the left wing, Wattignies rescued Maubeuge and the right, and the two victories foreshadowed the dual advance of the following year : there may have been the same indication in 1914 in the fighting at Ypres and in Champagne. The first three months of 1794 were marked mainly by the intense suffering of the French troops holding their line in winter without supplies and equipment. Then began the dual offensive, its dualism at first accidental, but gradually developing into two main lines of attack. On each wing was obstinate and indecisive fighting : it seemed impossible for the French to maintain themselves either on the Scheldt or on the

Sambre. Near Maubeuge four times in succession they crossed the Sambre and retreated before counter attacks ; in the fateful ground between Ypres, Courtrai, and Lille the advance was so slow as hardly to be perceptible. But Pichegru, though not a genius, was a very obstinate commander, and Jourdan was fighting for his life : their lieutenants, Souham, Moreau, Kléber, Marceau, Championnet, were able men who had survived the purging of war and of the Terror, that awful concentration of the country upon victory. Their men had still, in spite of their privations, the enthusiasm of the Revolution. So suddenly, at last, almost without a recognizable defeat —there was in this campaign none of the formal spectacular battle of the Napoleonic era — the Austrians admitted the pressure of numbers, the pressure of enthusiastic determination, the pressure of events in Poland. They evacuated Belgium and were driven to the Rhine. Strategically, 1794 is a comforting precedent. But this campaign has a still deeper interest owing to the nature of the armies engaged in it.

On the one side were the professional armies of the allied sovereigns, the troops having no better cause than devotion to their dynasties and the hope of spoiling France, the generals being either princes of the German royal houses or old soldiers enslaved by the pedantic details of Austrian military science, the sovereigns fired by the divine right of kings and the principles of benevolent despotism, and attended by diplomatists ever anxious as to the progress of rival interests in Poland.

On the other side was the new army of France, founded on a small professional army, but raised to formidable numbers by a sudden voluntary effort ; and despite the political excesses of the time and the subsequent encroachment of the idea of conquest, there is full evi-

dence that the inspiring motive of this new army was attachment to the principles which the Revolution has bequeathed to Europe.

The French regular army at the end of the reign of Louis XVI was itself not very dissimilar from the British first line army of to-day, and was but little smaller in numbers. Since the ministry of the Marshal Du Muy there had been a marked reaction from the corruption and inefficiency of the preceding era, and this reaction had been accentuated by the American War. Though it had been impossible to break the power of the Court in regard to the reservation of the regimental commands to the higher noblesse, yet the upper grades in the army had been gradually filled by honourable and capable men. Marshals de Ségur, de Castries, and de Broglie, and the younger Maillebois, owed their position to birth as well as to talent, yet mere ability had been recognized in the appointment of St. Germain to the ministry of war, and of de Vaux and Rochambeau, country gentlemen whose birth was too obscure to give them colonelcies at the age of twenty, to the command of armies, after laborious professional careers. Under these progressive leaders the army had seen a constant succession of partial reforms, partial because they were hampered by the influence of the Court, or by the fluctuations of finance and politics. Much attention had been given to military education ; Napoleon's own school at Brienne is well known, but there were many others, such as the engineers' college at Mézières, and the artillery colleges of Châlons and Metz : exceptional facilities were given for the education of the sons of retired officers of lower rank, and in these schools a large number of the republican generals had their first training.

Staff work was unusually developed, while more

dubious political missions were employing the energies of men like Dumouriez, Kellermann, and Schérer, Guibert was developing the theory of tactics, d'Arçon and Carnot were discussing fortifications, and young officers like Berthier, Clarke, and Mathieu Dumas were constantly engaged in reconnaissances, even in foreign countries, of which they wrote too copious notes. This intellectual activity was indeed almost excessive : the War Office was choked with memoranda, and when war broke out the committee of defence wasted far too much time in the discussion of the interminable notes which every staff could produce with such facility.

The artillery material had just been reorganized by Gribeauval, and was served by a highly trained corps of officers. As the nobles of the Court disdained a technical education, this arm alone gave a career to the sons of the poorer country gentlemen, such as was Napoleon himself. The artillery consequently lost far less than the other services by the emigration of its officers ; of the forty generals of division of artillery appointed between 1792 and 1814, all but four could use the prefix ' de ' to their names.

The cavalry suffered more from emigration, but even as late as the campaign of Valmy it was very good, and was continually praised by Dumouriez.

In the infantry, although the reformers could not deprive the Court nobles of their hereditary right to colonelcies, they took care to recruit the subordinate officers and non-commissioned officers from excellent material, usually from the middle classes, for it was these officers who really commanded the regiments. But many of these retired early in disgust at the absence of promotion. Of such men Masséna is the greatest example ; the best sergeant-major of his regiment, he

left the army when, in spite of the recommendations of his officers, he could not obtain a commission, and then set up business as a small shopkeeper until the Revolution gave the opportunity to his talents. There were thus numbers of young men, often of middle-class extraction, who had retired as sergeants, and in the regiments many older men of slightly higher birth struggling to live on their pay. Recruitment was entirely on a voluntary system. At the beginning of the Revolution this army consisted of, excluding the Guards, 114 regiments of infantry, mostly of two battalions, and 62 regiments of cavalry, each of four squadrons, with 8 regiments of artillery, each of 20 companies. There were also 106 battalions of Territorials, the composition of which was constantly being altered by the reformers in their efforts to create a more efficient and more numerous reserve. About 200,000 men could be put into the field.

On this small but fairly efficient and well-trained army came the sudden strain of providing for the defence of every frontier of France. Within a year the Republic was maintaining twelve separate armies, those of the North, Ardennes, Moselle, Vosges, Rhine, Alps, Italy, East and West Pyrenees, La Rochelle, Vendée, and Brest. Nearly a million and a half men were in arms, and by June 1794 the two armies on the northern frontier alone contained in the first line, apart from reserves and garrisons, as many men as in the whole regular army before the Revolution. There were no funds for equipment, everything had to be created amidst unexampled political disturbance and financial dissolution. Nearly all the officers had emigrated: 1,900 left France in 1791, and many others followed Lafayette in 1792 and Dumouriez in 1793. And even before the later

emigrations there were no trained generals to command: colonels and majors were rapidly promoted, but all were, as Duhesme admitted, in the infancy of the military art, and not a general in France had ever manœuvred more than a regiment. No effort which England is called upon to make now can be compared in magnitude to the achievement of the smaller population of the French Republic, in raising men, in finding officers, in discovering generals, at a time when the Republic had no trade, no finances, and no command of the sea, and was absorbed in evolving an entirely new political and social system.

The French Government was, it is true, assisted primarily by the military incompetence of its enemies; but this advantage, which we do not know ourselves to possess now, was more than balanced by the political disunion, the disappearance of the corps of officers, and the want of material resources. These were evident facts, sufficient to shake the confidence of any new army, but the incompetence of the enemy command was not suspected at the time. The German generals were the most learned in Europe, and they were credited then, as now, with a complete mastery of the art of war: their incompetence arose, as we have since discovered, from their adherence to old standards, tactical, moral, and political, and was proved only by the facts of the war. History may show that in this war also the methods of the enemy command have been the greatest resource of the Allies, that the military conceptions of the Germans have in fact not been in advance of their moral and political ideas.

Of the internal elements of success in the creation of the army which recovered Belgium in 1794, the first lay in the existence of a small regular army which had been

largely rejuvenated by the effect of a great colonial war, a force which contained so much good material and which, allowing for the aristocratic basis on which it was constituted, was surprisingly progressive, serious, and hard-working.

It is this which distinguishes the Republican armies from those raised for the Civil War in America. The old army provided almost all the artillery, the greater part of the cavalry, and a very high proportion of the officers of all arms. It bore the brunt of the earlier fighting, and gave the new troops time to gain experience of war and confidence in themselves.

The second great element of success was the voluntary principle, by which the old army was expanded. The French volunteers have been the subject of many special studies, and the results of the volunteer movement need only roughly be sketched. 100,000 national volunteers responded to the first call in January 1791 ; 200 additional battalions had been formed, and the army raised to 500,000 before the war seriously began in 1792. The invasion of France by the Prussians and the victories in Belgium produced 300 more battalions by the beginning of 1793. These men with the old army formed the main fighting force : many of them had served in the army, or the territorials, or the national guards, and they rapidly responded to training : their superiority lay in the fact that they were intelligent men who knew what they were fighting for, and believed in the greatness of the cause of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.

There is indeed a dark side to the picture of the volunteers : insubordination, desertion, and panic were constant incidents in the first three years of war. After the fall of Verdun, for instance, the volunteer regiments involved in the capitulation refused to remain in the

Argonne with Dumouriez, and marched to camp at Châlons, Marceau, who then commanded the Eure-et-Loir battalion, throwing up his post in disgust at the behaviour of his men and joining a line regiment. But indiscipline was almost as marked in the line regiments, and it had a special cause in the political disorders of the time. The same explanation can be given of the constant panics. Time after time, and especially after the regular cavalry had been broken by the desertion of Dumouriez, the new troops fled in shameful terror, abandoning their guns and defensible positions ; but this was less because they were new troops than because of the continual and well-grounded terror of treason, and the incessant changes in the higher command. Desertion also rapidly reduced the effectives both of volunteers and regulars, but this too had a special cause in the extraordinary sufferings of the troops owing to the State bankruptcy and the lack of every kind of equipment. It is the best tribute to the voluntary system that in spite of their privations, so high a proportion of the first volunteers kept to the colours, and that the initial impulse of enthusiasm was never lost to the armies. But with their wastage and the increasing pressure on the frontiers, the desperate need of the Government of the Terror for more troops led to a gradual abandonment of the voluntary principle, and recourse to requisition *en masse* and irregular conscription. There was an immediate decline in moral, and the greater part of the new forced levies disappeared as soon as they reached the front. The difference in quality is represented in the careers of the officers who rose to high rank in the later wars ; the great majority came from the old army, and nearly all the remainder from the volunteers of 1791 and 1792 : scarcely any soldier of the forced levies of 1793 and 1794

rose to be a general officer. The character of the later levies may be illustrated by a story told by Pion de Loches of his own town in Burgundy, called to produce so many men for the army. In the meeting which was called, Pion ingeniously proposed that the town could have no finer representatives than the hottest Jacobins ; this was carried by acclamation, and the town was thus rid of its worst ruffians—but only for a time, for they deserted almost immediately and returned to politics. By the beginning of 1793 all the best military material had in fact joined the armies, the men who for the rest of their lives were proud of having been ' Volunteers of 1791 or 1792 '. That the voluntary system ultimately failed was due partly to the length of the campaign, but mainly to the inability of the Government to provide on even the most moderate standard for the necessities of the troops. As late as 1796 the army of Italy was famished and in rags. The analysis of the armies of 1793–4 shows indeed the immense superiority of volunteer to conscript recruitment, but it also shows that for volunteers a high standard of supply is required.

While it was the voluntary principle which gave the new army its enthusiasm, it was perhaps the territorial principle which gave it cohesion sufficient to withstand the strain of constant privation. The old regular regiments had for the most part territorial names, apart from those regiments which as in the English army were specially associated with the royal family ; but the territorial connexion had for the most part disappeared. The new volunteer battalions were not, however, attached as extra battalions to the old regiments, but were given the names of the departments in which they were raised, while the companies or smaller units often represented particular localities within the depart-

ment. This process was easy, as most of the earlier volunteers had been serving together as the national guard at their own homes. The same system was ever applied to the numerous battalions raised by the city of Paris, each battalion being associated with a special quarter and bearing its name, such as the 1st des Lombards, the Arsenal, the Filles St. Thomas. There were also some special battalions representing professions, as in the new English army. Of these the Arts battalion was the most famous; but most broke up at an early date. The advantage of a system by which all the soldiers and officers in the battalion were of the same *pays*, knowing each other by reputation, need hardly be insisted on. Many of these local battalions, such as the first Isère, the 4th Moselle, the 1st Ile et Vilaine, made their names as famous as those of the regular regiments. But this wise provision was neglected in the later levies *en masse*, who bore vague names like Fédérés, Volontaires Nationaux, or the absurd titles of Jacobin fanaticism, a cause which may well have contributed to their more rapid disintegration.

The force of circumstances compelled also to a large extent the territorialization of the armies themselves. A Welsh or Irish army would be no new idea in military organization. Having to meet invasion on every frontier, the French Government formed each army from the line troops of the local garrisons and the volunteers of the neighbouring departments; many of the garrisons had long been resident at their head-quarters, and had been filled up with local recruits. Each army was therefore from the beginning local. The army of Italy, for instance, was predominantly Provençal; that of the Alps was composed of the regiments of Dauphiné, Savoy, and Lyon; and that of the north was based on Artois,

Picardy, Paris, and Normandy. And the local character was maintained by the assignment of certain departments to the maintenance of the armies both in supplies and in men. There were disadvantages undoubtedly arising from this territorialization : the troops were more affected by local politics, desertion and irregularities of discipline were more rife, but the armies gained much by losing a little of that strangeness which must fall on hastily grouped bodies of men if they have no obvious common link. Staff work was considerably facilitated, and so also was the promotion of officers, not to mention the special gain in many cases from the knowledge of the country in which the new troops were fighting.

These, then, were the three elements in the success of the new French army, the obligation to the small well-trained regular army, the voluntary principle, and with it the overwhelming enthusiasm for the political and moral cause for which the army was fighting, and the element of territorial cohesion. All three elements were brought together in the creation of the new corps of officers. The loss of officers by emigration between 1791 and 1793 has already been referred to. Practically all the remaining senior regimental officers, for the most part elderly men who had no other resource than their military pay, at once became colonels and generals, and the Republic had therefore to find officers for both the old and the new forces. It found them very largely in the non-commissioned ranks of the old army, and it may be claimed that the successes of the armies of the Republic and Empire were essentially triumphs of the ranker. Of Napoleon's twenty-four marshals, six had been officers and fourteen non-commissioned officers of the old army. The position is best shown in the case

of individual regiments. In 1793 the famous Navarre infantry regiment had but four left of the thirty-nine officers on its strength in 1789 : twenty-eight officers had emigrated. Of the four survivors, one was the quarter-master, one, a lieutenant in 1789, was the colonel, and the other two had risen from sub-lieutenant and cadet to be captains. Eighteen of the new officers were non-commissioned officers promoted from the regiment, five were promoted sergeants from other regiments, and eight were newly-joined cadets. It is, however, remarkable that the wholesale promotion of non-commissioned officers in the regulars did not meet with the same success as their more careful selection in the volunteers. These battalions of compatriots were given the power of electing their own officers, and they naturally chose men with some military training, provided that with their special local knowledge of their companions they felt some confidence in their capacity to lead. Some officers, like Moreau and Gouvion St. Cyr, were, however, chosen though they had no training at all—one was a law student, the other an art student—simply because they were felt to be leaders of men ; the volunteers were staking their lives upon the correctness of their choice. Thus in the end the volunteer cadres became better than those of the regular regiments : in the latter men were promoted because they were sergeants, in the volunteers military experience was welcomed, but only if accompanied by education and capacity to lead. It was in this way, through selection by their fellow countrymen, that most of the great generals of the Empire emerged : of the twenty-four marshals, thirteen got their first commission in the new army, and of these, nine were former non-commissioned officers in the old army.

The obligation of the volunteers to the regulars may

be illustrated by the case of the 4th Moselle battalion. In 1793 it had as colonel an old officer of fifty-five, shortly to be commander-in-chief of the whole army corps in which the battalion served : one major had also been an officer, and was sixty-eight ; the other major, who really commanded the regiment, was a retired sergeant who had volunteered : he was still only 31 years of age, and in a few months became general of division. Seven of the nine captains had been privates in line regiments, yet it should be noticed that the officer in the regiment who was to reach the highest distinction, Molitor, Marshal of France in 1823, had had no previous service ; he owed his election as captain only to merit. Nine out of the twenty lieutenants had served as privates. The debt of the new French army to the old was indeed very great : of the 117 infantry and cavalry generals commanding in Napoleon's Grande Armée of 1805, when the corps of officers had been sifted by nine years of war, and by Napoleon's judgement of men, 83 had served in the army of Louis XVI, and of these, 40 had been in the ranks : 34 only were volunteers in origin. Yet the debt to the voluntary system was almost equally considerable : it allowed the non-commissioned officers to emerge rapidly, and it completely revivified the army by the admission into the corps of officers of all professions, all classes of society, and all types of ideas. So the French army became national while the allied armies remained for many years professional. The choice of officers by election is perhaps suited only to the peculiar genius of the French people, and in a country less completely democratic the effect of territorialization also is perhaps reduced. The history also of the corps of officers in the armies of 1793 shows that while so much was gained by throwing over the old

aristocracy, the volunteers did trust at first too much to mere professional experience, with the result that in the next few years there had to be a rapid discarding of officers who were too old for active service, and of promoted rankers who were not intelligent enough to command. The French passed in turn from the theory that all officers must be aristocrats to the belief that all must have previous military service, and then even, in a brief period of political fanaticism, to the idea that all officers must be politicians. It was, however, the volunteers of 1791 and 1792, with their system of election, who most nearly recognized the paramount importance of intelligence. The subsequent promotion of the officers was facilitated by the very elastic staff system in the early days of the Republic. Each army had a number of adjutant-generals who were majors and colonels on the staff either at army head-quarters or with the divisions ; and each adjutant-general had a number of ' adjoints '. These posts provided outlets for the young regimental officers. The colonel, newly promoted general, would take with him his best captain to be adjutant-general, and the latter would secure some personal friend as ' adjoint ' : there was in this way constant interchange between the regiment and the staff. This reflects the character of the fighting in Belgium in these early years : there was none of the rigidity of form which Napoleon imposed. Armies were groups ever changing in numbers according to the point of local pressure on the long line from Switzerland to the sea, and the fighting was carried on less by divisions, brigades, and regiments, than by bodies of varying size led by the adjutant-general or even the adjoint. Young officers were helped by the territorial organization in obtaining recognition of their special qualities, and then had as

adjutants unequalled opportunities of learning to handle considerable bodies of troops in the field.

Of the general system of training the volunteers little can be said : military and political necessities left no time for systems. The volunteer movement in 1791 began indeed with a definite scheme of training : large camps of instruction were formed at Paris and other large towns : each battalion had attached to it an active and well-educated non-commissioned officer as adjutant —men like the future Marshals Soult, Augereau, and Masséna. The early levies had therefore a considerable measure of instruction before they saw active service. While also the first battalions of 1792 were sent straight to the garrison towns on the frontier, yet when the war broke out their training was still more important than the fighting. The divisions of Dumouriez at Maulde, of Lafayette at Sedan, of Kellermann at Metz, of Luckner at Châlons, were far more camps of exercise than ' corps of observation '. There were so-called military operations, but the actual work of the troops was rather that of field-days and route-marching, with some skirmishing with an inactive enemy. Real fighting began in September, and the enormous levies which appeared in the enthusiasm of the resistance to the Prussians marched direct to the front ; but Dumouriez was from the first reluctant to use in the firing line any but the best trained volunteers, mainly the regiments of 1791. These he brigaded with the line regiments, two volunteer battalions with every regular battalion, following in this the policy of Lafayette, an officer who from his experience in the American War of Independence was perhaps better able to judge of the capacity and needs of the volunteers than were more professional soldiers like Dumouriez. Meanwhile the newer levies had oppor-

tunities for gaining instruction on lines of communication or in the very numerous frontier garrisons. This was, as regards organization, the best period for the volunteers, whose position then more closely resembled that of the new British army. On them, however, the disastrous retreat from Belgium and the treason of Dumouriez fell with crushing effect. Though the infantry of the line were left comparatively untouched, many of the senior officers of the old school were removed, and these, though incompetent commanders, had been excellent instructors for new troops. The ruin of the regular cavalry sorely tried the moral of the young soldiers, who felt that they had now no protection in the open against the fine Austrian and English horsemen. The collapse of the administrative services, which had been supported largely by the resources of Belgium, enhanced the sufferings of the soldiers and increased desertion. The strength of the volunteer battalions was then greatly reduced, and the numbers could only be brought up by the additions of new recruits entirely untrained.

The figures for a division of the army of the Moselle in July 1793, consisting of 7 line battalions, 6 volunteer battalions of 1791, and 7 volunteer battalions of 1792, show, for instance, that while the regulars had only 270 recruits joining since May, 5,000 of the 12,000 volunteers had only just entered the army. All their training now had to be carried through during active service at the front. This particular division was then commanded by an old Lorraine officer, General Schauenbourg, the most famous infantry instructor of the wars of the Revolution and Empire, who has left interesting notes of the system by which he kept his whole division continually under instruction whenever the enemy allowed

the army to rest. Instruction was the preoccupation of all the good officers, and explains the inactivity on the frontier until late in the year 1793. Training was to some extent facilitated by the dispersion of the troops in garrisons. At the same date, July 1793, of the 160,000 men who held the line from Maubeuge to the sea, 42,000 only are shown in general terms as 'the army' in a mobile covering force which linked up the four entrenched camps held by 55,000 other first line troops, while no fewer than 63,000 were in the second line in 35 separate garrisons in Picardy and Artois ; but local politics unfortunately interfered with their training almost more than did the enemy with the instruction of the first line.

In this strange picture of an army receiving much of its first training in the intervals of fighting there were two salient features, the value placed upon early peace training, as shown by the greater trust given to the battalions of 1791 and 1792 in spite of the large admixture of recruits in 1793, and the success of brigading the volunteers with the regulars : the new troops learned their duties from the old, and in the end, in 1796, the regular battalion was amalgamated into one regiment with the two linked battalions of volunteers.

Most favourable of all aids to the instruction of the new army, and to its transformation into the most formidable army in Europe, was the nature of the fighting in which it had to engage. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr describes his discussions in the army of the Rhine with his friend Desaix as to the best method of using the new troops. Desaix, an aristocrat, one of the few surviving officers of the old régime, a professional soldier of the best type, wished to show his skill in manœuvring in the plains of the Rhine valley. St. Cyr, a volunteer of

1791, who, like Moreau, always retained the style and manners of a civilian in spite of his eminent military capacity, insisted that the great training-ground for his new troops was the forest country of the Vosges. Here was the opportunity for small important successes which the enthusiasm of the French troops and the intelligence of their selected leaders could secure, without that strain on the coherent action of masses of troops which was demanded by large operations in the open, and which could only be carried out successfully when the troops were fully disciplined and the leaders fully experienced. St. Cyr perhaps exaggerated; it was less the indiscipline of the troops than the complete inexperience of their generals which unfitted the new army for the 'grande guerre'; Napoleon felt no such difficulty when he had armies of raw troops with veteran generals for every unit. But it is true that the formation of the new army was immensely helped by the natural features of the French frontier, and the character of the fighting which was established by it. The dyke country of Flanders, the woods and farms of Hainault, the mountainous regions of the Ardennes and the Vosges, the Alps and the Pyrenees, all protected the French troops from decisive battles in form, and gave them continual opportunities for displaying their peculiar qualities. In the open the volunteers had no confidence in themselves against the precisely moving professional troops, whose fire tactics were so much more closely controlled. Above all, the French had so few cavalry; cavalry could not be improvised, and by 1794 only twenty regiments had been added to the original sixty-two. The cavalry, too, suffered more by the loss of their aristocrat officers, and several regiments deserted with Dumouriez, while the disorganization of the country made it impossible to reconstitute the regiments by a

proper system of remounts and fodder supply. It was not until June 1794 that the army of the North, then consisting of 300,000 men, could form a single cavalry division. This weakness in cavalry explains the exaggerated fear of that arm, in which the enemy were strong, and was the cause of many panics so scornfully noted by the allied commanders. But when the new troops were fighting in redoubts supported by their fine professional artillery, which was at least equal to that of the enemy in training and material, or when the army had to advance over difficult country by a series of small intelligent movements, their essential qualities were brought out, the military virtues of men who were fighting as volunteers for a cause which each individual appreciated, the innate capacity for leadership in officers who had been chosen by men who knew them and trusted them for these qualities. So the troops in this confused fighting for positions over the long frontier line became more and more warlike, more confident in the superiority of republicans over the ' slaves of the tyrant '. All that was needed was a higher command which would take real advantage of the final element of success in the new French armies, their superiority of numbers, by giving real coherence to these small actions. Finally, by the middle of 1794, a curiously modern solution had been reached. The operations were strategically combined by a rudimentary general staff, a committee deriving its powers from the Committee of Public Safety, but acting with considerable independence. Its members were professional soldiers mostly of the technical arms headed by the engineer Carnot. Under this general staff was General Pichegru, commanding-in-chief from the Moselle to the North Sea. It was impossible for him in those days to control so long a line, but the committee

preferred to have a single commander-in-chief, and, even when he won the battle of Fleurus, General Jourdan, commanding the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, was nominally subordinate to Pichegru.

It is hard to assess Pichegru's services to the army : in his tours up and down the long line he was often absent at critical moments of attack—it was Souham's splendid resolution in the absence of the commander-in-chief which won the victory of Tourcoing ; but Pichegru taught his army commanders to recognize their interdependence, and he communicated to his army his determination, his submission to the Government, his abnegation of personal glory. He and all his principal officers had been promoted from the volunteers, and to this was due the modesty and, for the rest of France and still more for the enemy, the anonymity of the higher command. And so this army of the North which recovered Belgium in 1794 and in 1795 had conquered Holland and the Rhineland remained the most republican and the most modest of the French armies : even in conquests it never became an army of plunderers or an army ' en panache '. It was the national and volunteer army of France, strongly contrasted to the ' mamelukes ', the personal army of Napoleon in Italy, created by him and corrupted by him to serve his ambitions. The army of the North had no promises of plunder by bulletin, and its conquest of Belgium and Holland was not marked by the organized pillage and the meditated terrorism which both provoked and subdued the Italians. Even the selfish and calculating Soult, so easily tempted by the opportunities of the Empire, recalled half regretfully in his memoirs the finer emotion of 1794 in the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse. Throughout the Empire there was an undercurrent of hostility

to personal rule from the republican army which had recovered Belgium and the Rhine frontier. In 1798 the disputes between the 'gentlemen' of Bernadotte's division from the Sambre-et-Meuse and the licensed brigands of the army of Italy were a cause of the disturbances in Rome. In Egypt the same rivalry occurred, and the opposition to the personal ambition of Napoleon was led by Kléber. In 1804, not only Pichegru and Moreau, but also Souham, Dühesme, Macdonald, and Delmas were in disgrace, while Jourdan was but grudgingly honoured. Napoleon never entirely won over the conquerors of Belgium.

This, then, is the precedent of a hundred and twenty years ago for the new army of England. Immense must be the differences due to the political disorders of France under the Terror. Yet the example remains of an army facing the same problems on the same ground, an army formed on the nucleus of a fine professional force by an immense voluntary effort, inspired not only by a sense of national emergency, but by enthusiasm for the principles of progress by freedom. And there could be no more encouraging example than that of its ultimate success essentially by its moral qualities, and of its adherence even in the time of conquest to the principles which had given it strength. Victory came, it is true, to the side of the big battalions, but it came at the call of the spirit by which they had been formed.

Printed in England at the Oxford University Press

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1914–1915

CORONEL AND THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

BY

A. NEVILLE HILDITCH

Price Threepence net

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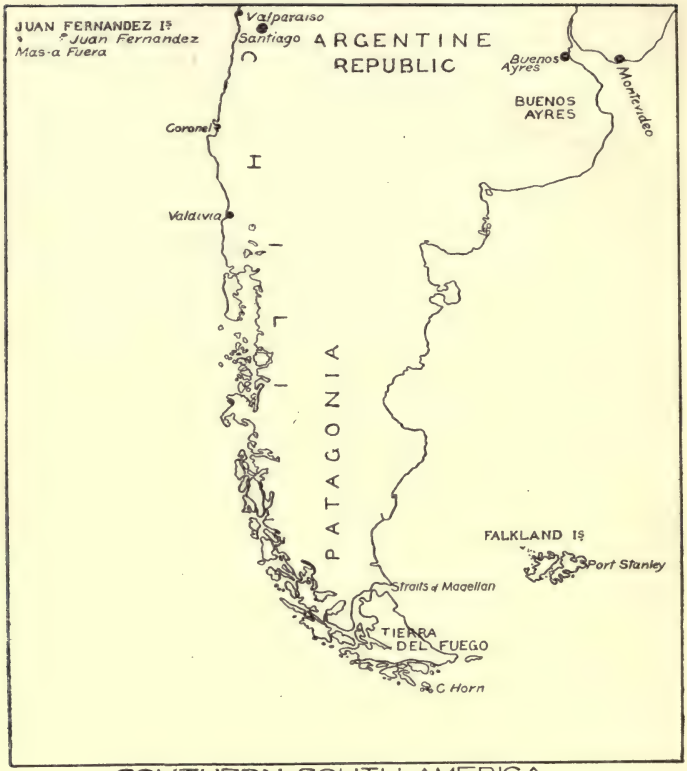

SOUTHERN SOUTH AMERICA

CORONEL AND THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE PACIFIC TRADE ROUTES

In 1592, John Davis, the arctic explorer, after whom the strait between Greenland and the North American mainland is named, made an attempt, in company with Thomas Cavendish, to find a new route to Asia by the Straits of Magellan. Differences arose between the two leaders. One was an explorer : the other had a tendency towards freebooting. They parted off the coast of Patagonia. Davis, driven out of his course by stormy weather, found himself among a cluster of unknown and uninhabited islands, some three hundred miles east of the Straits of Magellan. This group, after many changes and vicissitudes, passed finally into the hands of Great Britain, and became known as the Falkland Islands.

They consist of two large islands and of about one hundred islets, rocks, and sandbanks. The fragments of many wrecks testify to the dangers of navigation, though masses of giant seaweed act as buoys for many of the rocks. So numerous are the penguins, thronging in battalions the smaller islands and the inland lagoons, that the governor of the colony is nicknamed King of the Penguins. As New Zealand is said to be the most English of British possessions, the Falklands may

perhaps be appropriately termed the most Scottish. Their general appearance resembles that of the Outer Hebrides. Of the population, who number some 2,000, a large proportion are of Scottish extraction. The climate is not unlike that of the north-west of Scotland. The winters are misty and rainy, but not excessively cold. So violent are the winds, that it is said to be impossible to play tennis or croquet, unless walls are erected as shelter, while cabbages grown in the kitchen-gardens of the shepherds, the only cultivated ground, are at times uprooted and scattered like straw. The surface, much of which is bogland, is in some parts mountainous, and is generally wild and rugged. Small streams and shallow freshwater tarns abound. A natural curiosity, regarded with great wonder, exists in 'stone-rivers'; long, glistening lines of quartzite rock débris, which, without the aid of water, slide gradually to lower levels. There are no roads. Innumerable sheep, the familiar Cheviots and Southdowns, graze upon the wild scurvy-grass and sorrel. The colony is destitute of trees, and possesses but few shrubs. The one tree that it can boast, an object of much care and curiosity, stands in the Governor's garden. The seat of government, and the only town, is Port Stanley, with a population of about 950. Its general aspect recalls a small town of the western highlands of Scotland. Many of the houses, square, white-washed, and grey-slated, possess small greenhouse-porches, gay with fuchsias and pelargoniums, in pleasing contrast to the prevailing barrenness. A small cathedral, Christ Church, and an imposing barracks, generally occupied by a company of marines, stand in the midst of the town. The Government House might be taken for an Orkney or Shetland manse. The administration of the colony and of its

dependencies is vested in a Governor, aided by a Colonial Secretary, and by an executive and a legislative council. The Governor acts as Chief Justice, and the Colonial Secretary as Police Magistrate. There is a local jail, capable of accommodating six offenders at a time. Its resources are not stated, however, to be habitually strained. Education is compulsory: the Government maintains schools and travelling teachers. The inhabitants are principally engaged in sheep-farming and seafaring industries. The colony is prosperous, with a trade that of late years has grown with extraordinary rapidity. The dividends paid by the Falkland Islands Company might excite the envy of many a London director. Stanley's importance has been increased by the erection of wireless installation; and as a coaling and refitting station for vessels rounding the Horn, the harbour, large, safe, and accessible, is of immense value.

To this remote outpost of empire came tidings of war in August, 1914. Great excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. News was very slow in getting through: the mails, usually a month in transit, became very erratic. But the colony eagerly undertook a share in the burden of the Empire; £2,250 was voted towards the war-chest; £750 was collected on behalf of the Prince of Wales's Fund. Detached, though keen, interest changed, however, as the weeks passed, to intimate alarm. The Governor, Mr. Allardyce, received a wireless message from the Admiralty that he must expect a raid. German cruisers were suspected to be in the neighbourhood. Never before had the colony known such bustle and such excitement. They, the inhabitants of the remote Falklands, were to play a part in the struggle that was tugging at the roots of the world's civilization. The exhilaration of expectancy and of

danger broke suddenly into their uneventful, though not easy, lives. But there was cause for keen anxiety. The colonists were, however, reassured for a time by a visit from three British warships, the cruisers *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, and *Glasgow*, with the armed liner *Otranto*.

The *Good Hope* had, at the declaration of war, been patrolling the Irish coast. She was ordered to sweep the Atlantic trade routes for hostile cruisers. She reached the coast of North America, after many false alarms, stopping English merchantmen on the way, and informing the astonished skippers of the war and of their course in consequence. When forty miles east of New York, Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock came aboard with his staff, and hoisted his flag. The Admiral turned southwards, sweeping constantly for the enemy. Passing through the West Indies, he proceeded to the coast of Brazil. Here he was joined by the *Glasgow*. The *Good Hope* had picked up the *Monmouth* previously. The three ships, accompanied by the auxiliary cruiser *Otranto*, kept a southerly course. The discovery at Pernambuco of twenty-three German merchantmen snugly ensconced behind the breakwater, in neutral harbour, proved very galling. The Straits of Magellan and the cold Tierra del Fuego were at length reached. The squadron was on the scent of three German cruisers, the *Leipzig*, *Dresden*, and *Nürnberg*. It was suspected that they had gone to coal in this remote corner of the oceans. Their secret and friendly wireless stations were heard talking in code. The British made swoops upon wild and unsurveyed bays and inlets. The land around was covered with ice and snow, and the many huge glaciers formed a sight wonderful to behold. But the search had proved fruit-

less. After rounding the Horn several times, the squadron had turned towards the Falklands.

The inhabitants could not long rely, however, upon these powerful guardians. The squadron, after coaling, departed, again bound for the Straits of Magellan and the Pacific. Its strength was certainly adequate to tackle with success the three German ships believed to be in the vicinity. The colony could depend upon Admiral Cradock to protect it to the best of his ability. But it was not improbable that the enemy might evade the patrolling cruisers, and descend upon the hapless Falklands without warning. The Governor saw the advisability of instant preparation. On October 19 he issued a notice that all women and children were to leave Stanley. Provisions, stores, and clothes were hastily removed into the interior, which was locally termed the ' camp '. The colony possessed a Volunteer Rifle Company, some 120 strong, and two nine-pounder field-guns. Further volunteers were enrolled and armed. Suddenly, on November 3, an alarming wireless message was received. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* were reported to have been sunk off the coast of Chili. It was unsigned. There was no proof of its authenticity. But the next day another message followed from the captain of the *Glasgow*. The disaster was confirmed. The *Glasgow*, in company with H.M.S. *Canopus*, was running with all speed for the Falklands. They were probably being followed by the victorious Germans. Four days of acute suspense followed. The situation seemed critical. The Governor passed several nights without taking off his clothes, in expectancy of wireless messages that needed instant decoding. People slept beside their telephones. Early in the morning of Sunday, November 8, the two warships arrived.

The *Glasgow* was badly damaged. An enormous hole, three feet by nine feet, gaped in her side. A shell had wrecked Captain Luce's cabin, giving off fumes such as rendered unconscious several men who rushed in to put out the fire. The vessel had escaped any serious outbreak, however, and had suffered only four slight casualties. Warm tributes were paid by the captain to the cool and disciplined conduct of both officers and men. The *Canopus* had not been engaged. But a narrative of the preceding events may now be appropriate.

Vice-Admiral the Graf Maximilian von Spee was in command, at the outbreak of hostilities, of the German China fleet stationed at Tsing Tau. A successor, indeed, had been appointed, and was on the way to relieve him. But just before war was declared von Spee and his squadron steamed off into the open seas. To remain at Tsing Tau while vastly superior forces were closing in upon him would be to little purpose. Commerce raiding offered a field for rendering valuable service to the Fatherland. The *Emden* was dispatched to the southern seas. The *Leipzig* and the *Nürnberg* proceeded across the Pacific, and began to prey upon the western coast of South America. Half the maritime trade of Chili was carried in English ships. Many of them might be seized and destroyed at little risk. The Admiral, with his two remaining vessels, the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, successfully evaded the hostile fleets for some time. On September 14 he touched at Apia, in German Samoa, familiar to readers of Robert Louis Stevenson. It could be remembered how, fifteen years before, this colony, shortly to fall before a New Zealand expeditionary force, had been a bone of contention between Great Britain and Germany. Captain Sturdee, whom von Spee was soon to meet in more arduous

operations, had on that occasion commanded the British force in the tribal warfare. Eight days later, on September 22, the two German cruisers arrived off Papeete, in Tahiti, one of the loveliest of Pacific islands. A small disarmed French gunboat lying there was sunk, and the town was bombarded. The Admiral, planning a concentration of German ships, then steamed east across the Pacific. He got into touch with friendly vessels. By skilful manœuvring he finally brought five warships, with colliers, together near Valparaiso.

The German ships were all of recent construction. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* were armoured cruisers of 11,600 tons. The *Leipzig*, the *Nürnberg*, and the *Dresden* were light cruisers of about 3,500 tons. The armament of the larger vessels included eight 8·2-inch and six 6-inch guns. The smaller relied upon either ten or twelve 4-inch pieces. Each ship carried torpedo tubes, and the speed of each was about twenty-two or twenty-three knots an hour. The *Dresden*, however, could go to twenty-seven knots. The squadron possessed all-important allies. Several German merchant-marine companies, notably the Kosmos, plied along the Chilian coast. The tonnage of their vessels, indeed, amounted to no less than half that of the English companies. The advance of German enterprise in Chili in recent years had been very marked. Von Spee's great stumbling-block was coal. The laws of war prevented him from sending more than three of his warships into a neutral port at the same time, from staying there more than twenty-four hours, from taking more coal than was necessary to reach the nearest German harbour, from coaling again for three months at a port of the same nationality. But if German merchantmen, hampered by no such restrictions,

could constantly renew his supplies, the difficulty of fuel could be to some extent met. Provisions and secret information as to British movements could also be obtained through the same source. Such employment of merchantmen, however, being contrary to international law, would have to be clandestine. The great Pacific coast offered numerous harbours and abundant facilities for being utilized as a base under such conditions. It showed many historic precedents for bold and adventurous exploits which could not fail to appeal to an admiral whose family, ennobled by the Emperor Charles VI, took pride in its ancient and aristocratic lineage. The occasion seemed opportune, moreover, for the accomplishment, by himself, his officers, and men, of deeds which should inspire their posterity as British naval traditions, for lack of other, at present inspired them. They could recall how, on this very coast, in 1578–9, Drake, the master raider, had seized a Spanish treasure-ship off Valdivia, had descended like a hawk upon Callao, had pounced upon another great galleon, taking nearly a million pounds in gold and silver; and how the intrepid mariner, sailing off into the unknown ocean, had circumnavigated the globe, while the furious de Toledo waited, with eleven warships, in the Straits of Magellan. Why, indeed, should not the Germans imitate, in the twentieth century, the deeds of Drake in the sixteenth? If they preyed ruthlessly upon English merchantmen, laden with the wealth of the West, if they made a descent upon the Falkland Islands, if then they were to disappear into the wide Pacific, a career of splendid adventure and of unbounded usefulness would earn for them both the respect and the plaudits of the world. Australian and Japanese warships were sweeping the eastern Pacific

for them. Many British vessels, called from useful employment elsewhere, would have to join in the search for them. But so vast was the area that they might elude their enemies for months. British ships were already cruising near the Horn, possibly unaware that a concentration of the Germans had been effected. It was not unlikely that von Spee might be able to cut off and to destroy stray units of the patrolling squadrons. The Graf could see many opportunities of serving effectively the cause of the Fatherland. He must utilize them to the full.

Sir Christopher Cradock, meanwhile, had rounded the Horn once more, and was cruising northwards up the coast of Chili. That coast, indeed, once the haunt of corsairs and filibusters, was rich in historic associations and in natural beauties. An element of grandeur and of mystery seemed to hover around the countless ridges and peaks of the Andes, stretching, with the gleam of their eternal snows, for four thousand miles, and gazing down across the illimitable waters of the occident. Upon the plateaux, miles above sea level, stood old stone temples and pyramids which rivalled in massiveness and ingenuity those of Egypt and of Babylon. The student of ancient civilizations could trace, in the mystic deities of the Incas and Araucanians, a strange similarity to the deities of the Chaldeans and Babylonians. Speculation upon this analogy formed a fascinating theme. This coast, too, was sacred to memories that could not but be dear to sailors as gallant and daring as Cradock, since his services in China, in 1900, was known to be. Among other familiar British names, Cochrane, Lord Dundonald, had won enduring glory in the struggle for Chilian independence, nearly a hundred years before. The conditions of naval warfare had, indeed, through the

introduction of armour and the perfection of weapons, radically changed since Cochrane, in a series of singularly audacious exploits, had overcome the fleets of Spain. Sea-fighting had become purely a matter of science. The object of strategy was to concentrate faster ships and more powerful guns against weaker force. The odds with which Cradock was to contend against the Germans were greater in proportion, if less in bulk, than the odds with which Cochrane had contended, with his peasant crews and his hulks, against the Spanish 'wooden-walls'. Admiral Cradock now knew that there were two more cruisers in the neighbourhood than had at first been supposed. The *Canopus* had accordingly been sent to join his squadron. But she was a battleship, and much slower than the cruisers. She could travel no faster than at eighteen knots. Cradock proceeded northwards, ahead of the *Canopus*, made a rendezvous off Concepçion Bay for his colliers, and went into Coronel and on to Valparaiso to pick up news and receive letters. The squadron then returned to the rendezvous and coaled. This completed, the Admiral directed the *Glasgow* to proceed again to Coronel to dispatch certain cables. Captain Luce duly carried out his mission, and left Coronel at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, November 1, steaming northwards to rejoin the other ships. A gale was rising. The wind was blowing strongly from the south. Heavy seas continually buffeted the vessel. At two o'clock a wireless signal was received from the *Good Hope*. Apparently from wireless calls there was an enemy ship to northward. The squadron must spread out in line, proceeding in a direction north-east-by-east, the flagship forming one extremity, the *Glasgow* the other. It was to move at fifteen knots. At twenty minutes past

four in the afternoon, smoke was observed upon the horizon. The *Glasgow* put on speed and approached. Officers soon made out the funnels of four cruisers. It was the enemy. The Germans, their big armoured cruisers leading, and the smaller behind, gave chase.

The *Glasgow* swept round to northward, calling to the flagship with her wireless. Von Spee, anticipating this move, at once set his wireless in operation, in order to jamb the British signals. Captain Luce soon picked up the *Monmouth* and the *Otranto*, and the three ships raced northwards towards the flagship, the *Glasgow* leading. At about five o'clock the *Good Hope* was seen approaching. The three ships wheeled into line behind her, and the whole squadron now proceeded south. Von Spee, coming up from that direction in line ahead, about twelve miles off, changed his course and also proceeded south, keeping nearer to the coast. The wind was now blowing almost with the force of a hurricane. So heavy was the sea that small boats would have been unable to keep afloat. But the sky was not completely overcast, and the sun was shining. Firing had not opened. The washing of the seas and the roaring of the wind deafened the ear to other sounds. The warship of to-day, when her great turbines are whirling round at their highest speed, moves without throb and almost without vibration through the waves. The two squadrons, drawing level, the Germans nearer to the coast, raced in the teeth of the gale, in two parallel lines, to the south.

Sir Christopher Cradock could not but realize that the situation was hazardous. He had three vessels capable of fighting men-of-war. The *Otranto* was only an armed liner, and must withdraw when the battle developed. The *Good Hope* displaced some 14,000 tons, and was

armed with two 9·2-inch and sixteen 6-inch guns. The *Monmouth*, with a tonnage of 9,800, carried fourteen 6-inch pieces, but the *Glasgow*, a ship of 4,800 tons, had only two of the 6-inch weapons. It was certain that the German 8·2-inch guns, if the shooting was at all good, would be found to outrange and outclass the British. Cradock was certainly at a disadvantage in gun-power. His protective armour was weaker than that of the enemy. Nor did his speed give him any superiority. Though the *Glasgow* was capable of twenty-six knots, the flagship and the *Monmouth* could only go to twenty-three. But there was another consideration which the Admiral might weigh. Coming slowly up from the south, but probably still a considerable distance off, was the battleship *Canopus*. Her presence would give the British a decided preponderance. She was a vessel of some 13,000 tons, and her armament included four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch pieces. How far was she away? How soon could she arrive upon the scene? Evening was closing in. Cradock was steering hard in her direction. If the British, engaging the enemy immediately, could keep them in play throughout the night, when firing must necessarily be desultory, perhaps morning would bring the *Canopus* hastening into the action. It was possible that the Germans did not know of her proximity. They might, accepting the contest, and expecting to cripple the British next morning at their leisure, find themselves trapped. But in any case they should not be allowed to proceed without some such attempt being made to destroy them. It must not be said that, because the enemy was in greater force, a British squadron had taken to flight. Perhaps it would be better, since darkness would afford little opportunity of manœuvring for action, to draw nearer and to

engage fairly soon. It was about a quarter past six. The Germans were about 15,000 yards distant. Cradock ordered the speed of his squadron to seventeen knots. He then signalled by wireless to the *Canopus*, 'I am going to attack enemy now'.

The sun was setting. The western horizon was mantled by a canopy of gold. Von Spee's manœuvre in closing in nearer to the shore had placed him in an advantageous position as regards the light. The British ships, when the sun had set, were sharply outlined against the glowing sky. The Germans were partly hidden in the failing light and by the mountainous coast. The island of Santa Maria, off Coronel, lay in the distance. Von Spee had been gradually closing to within 12,000 yards. The appropriate moment for engaging seemed to be approaching. A few minutes after sunset, about seven o'clock, the leading German cruiser opened fire with her largest guns. Shells shrieked over and short of the *Good Hope*, some falling within five hundred yards. As battle was now imminent, the *Otranto* began to haul out of line, and to edge away to the south-west. The squadrons were converging rapidly, but the smaller cruisers were as yet out of range. The British replied in quick succession to the German fire. As the distance lessened, each ship engaged that opposite in the line. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* had to bear the brunt of the broadsides of the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. The *Glasgow*, in the rear, exchanged shots with the light cruisers, the *Leipzig* and the *Dresden*. The shooting was deadly. The third of the rapid salvos of the enemy armoured cruisers set the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* afire. Shells began to find their mark, some exploding overhead and bursting in all directions. In about ten minutes the *Monmouth* sheered off the line to westward

about one hundred yards. She was being hit heavily. Her foremost turret, shielding one of her 6-inch guns, was in flames. She seemed to be reeling and shaking. She fell back into line, however, and then out again to eastward, her 6-inch guns roaring intermittently. Darkness was now gathering fast. The range had narrowed to about 5,000 yards. The seven ships were all in action. Many shells striking the sea sent up columns of white spray, showing weirdly in the twilight. It was an impressive scene. The dim light, the heavy seas, the rolling of the vessels, distracted the aim. Some of the guns upon the main decks, being near the water-line, became with each roll almost awash. The British could fire only at the flashes of the enemy's guns. Often the heavy head seas hid even the flashes from the gunlayers. It was impossible to gauge the effect of their shells. The fore-turret of the *Good Hope* burst into flames, and she began to fall away out of line towards the enemy. The *Glasgow* kept up a continual fire upon the German light cruisers with one of her 6-inch guns and her port batteries. A shell struck her below deck, and men waited for the planks to rise. No explosion nor fire, however, occurred. But the British flagship was now burning brightly forward, and was falling more and more out of line to eastward. It was about a quarter to eight. Suddenly there was the roar of an explosion. The part about the *Good Hope's* after-funnel split asunder, and a column of flame, sparks, and débris was blown up to a height of about two hundred feet. She never fired her guns again. Total destruction must have followed. Sir Christopher Cradock and nine hundred brave sailors went down in the stormy deep. The other ships raced past her in the darkness. The *Monmouth* was in great distress. She left the line

after a while, and turned back, steaming with difficulty to north-west. She had ceased firing. The vessels had been travelling at a rate which varied from seven to seventeen knots. The *Glasgow*, now left alone, eased her speed in order to avoid shells intended for the *Monmouth*. The Germans dropped slowly back. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* now concentrated their salvos upon the *Glasgow*. The range was about 4,500 yards. A shell struck the second funnel : five others hit her side at the waterline, but fortunately not in dangerous places. Luce, her captain, since the flagship was no more, was senior officer. He brought his vessel round and moved rapidly back.

The *Monmouth* had now fallen away to a north-easterly course. Luce stood by signalling, Could she steer north-west ? She was making water badly forward, Captain Brandt answered, and he wanted to get stern to sea. The enemy were following, Luce signalled again. There was no reply. The *Glasgow* steamed nearer. The *Monmouth* was in a sinking condition. Her bows were under water, and the men were assembled at the stern. The sea was running very high. Rain and mist had come on, though a moon was now rising. The enemy had altered course, and were approaching in line abreast about 6,000 yards away. A light kept twinkling at regular intervals from one of the ships. They were signalling in Morse, and evidently were forming plans of action. Firing was still proceeding intermittently. It was about half-past eight. Captain Luce could see nothing for it but to abandon the *Monmouth* to her fate. To rescue her crew, under such conditions, was impossible, while to stand by and endeavour to defend her would be folly. The *Glasgow* was not armoured, and could not contend with

armoured vessels. Of the two guns she possessed capable of piercing the enemy's armour, one had been put out of action ten minutes after the start. If she stayed and fought to the end, 370 good lives, in addition to the sufficiently heavy toll of 1,600 in the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth*, would be needlessly sacrificed. The *Canopus*, moreover, must be warned. She was coming up from the south to sure destruction. She could hardly be expected successfully to combat the whole German squadron. Nevertheless, it must have been with heavy hearts that the men of the *Glasgow* turned away to seek safety in flight. It is recorded that, as they moved off into the darkness, a cheer broke forth from the *Monmouth's* decks. Before the sinking vessel became lost to sight another and a third went up. At about a quarter past nine the *Nürnberg*, which had not been engaged in the main action, came across the *Monmouth*. It is said that, though in a sinking condition, the British ship attempted to ram her enemy. But the *Nürnberg* began to bombard her, and she capsized.

The *Glasgow* steamed off in a north-westerly direction. A few minutes before nine the enemy became lost to sight. Half an hour later many distant flashes of gunfire, the death-struggle of the *Monmouth*, were seen. The play of a searchlight, which lasted a few seconds and then disappeared, was also observed. The vessel bore round gradually to the south. Her wireless was put into operation, and she made efforts to get through to the *Canopus*. But the Germans had again set their apparatus in motion, and the messages were jambed. Only after some hours was the *Glasgow* successful. Steaming hard at twenty-four knots through the heavy seas, her engines and boilers fortunately being

intact, she at length joined the battleship. The two ships made straight for the Falkland Islands.

The news of the disaster stirred great alarm in the colony. Before the day on which the ships arrived was out the dismay was further increased. The *Canopus* at first expected to stay ten days. Her presence provided substantial relief. If the enemy appeared, she and even the damaged *Glasgow* could give a very good account of themselves. But during the morning Captain Grant of the *Canopus* received a wireless message from the Admiralty. He was to proceed immediately to Rio de Janeiro with the *Glasgow*. The Brazilian Government had granted the latter permission to enter the dry dock there to make urgent repairs. But seven days only were allowed for this purpose. In the evening the warships cast off, and steamed away to northward.

Stanley was now in an unenviable situation. A powerful German squadron, flushed with victory, was probably making for the Islands. The colony was almost defenceless. All the opposition that the enemy would meet would be from a few hundred volunteers. A wireless message that came through emphasized the imminence of the danger. Warnings and instructions were outlined. If the enemy landed, the volunteers were to fight. But retiring tactics must be adopted. Care should be taken to keep out of range of the enemy's big guns. The Governor at once called a council of war. There could be little doubt that a descent would be made upon the colony. The position was full of peril. But resistance must certainly be offered. The few women, children, and old men who still remained at Stanley must be sent away immediately. Fortunately the time of year was propitious. November is, indeed, in the Falklands

considered the only dry month. The ground is then covered with a variety of sweet-scented flowers. Further, all the stores it was possible to remove must be taken into the 'camp'. Quantities of provisions must be hidden away at various points within reach of the town. In order to add to the mobility of the defending force, it would be well to bring in another hundred horses from the 'camp'. Every man should be mounted. These measures were duly carried out. Every preparation was made and every precaution taken. Everybody began to pack up boxes of goods. Clothes, stores, and valuables were all taken away to safety. Books, papers, and money were removed from the Government offices, and from the headquarters of the Falkland Islands Company. What was not sent away was buried. The official papers and code-books were buried every night, and dug up and dried every morning. The Governor's tablecloths gave rise to much anxiety. It was thought, since they were marked 'G. R.', they would be liable to insult by the Germans. They were accordingly buried. This conscientious loyalty, however, proved costly. The Governor's silver, wrapped in green baize, was, unfortunately, placed in the same hole. The tablecloths became mixed up with the baize. The damp got through, and the linen was badly stained. There was a feeling that the attack would come at dawn. People sat up all night, and only went to bed when morning was well advanced. All offices were closed and business was suspended. This state of tension lasted several days. At length, from the look-out post above the town, a warship, apparently a cruiser, was seen making straight for the wireless station. When she got within range she turned broadside on. Her decks were cleared for action.

There was a call to arms. Church and dockyard

bells pealed out the alarm. Non-combatants streamed out of the town into the 'camp'. The volunteers paraded, and lined up with their horses. It would soon become a question whether to resist a landing or to retire. In any event the men were ready and provided with emergency rations. But no firing sounded. Signals were exchanged between the vessel and the shore. It was a false alarm. The newcomer was H.M.S. *Canopus*.

She had proceeded, in accordance with her orders, towards Rio de Janeiro with the *Glasgow*. When two days' journey off her destination, however, she received another message. She was directed to return and to defend the Falklands in case of attack. These instructions were received with mingled feelings. To fight alone a powerful squadron was by no means an attractive prospect. Duty, however, was duty. The *Canopus* turned about, and retraced her passage. She set her wireless in operation, and tried to get through to Stanley. But for some reason she was unable to do so. It was concluded that the Germans had made a raid and had destroyed the wireless station. Probably they had occupied the town. The outlook seemed serious. The *Canopus* had her instructions, however, and there was no drawing back. The decks were cleared for action. Ammunition was served out. Guns were loaded and trained. With every man at his post the ship steamed at full speed into the harbour. Great was the relief when it was found that all was well.

The inhabitants were not less relieved. The presence of the battleship was felt to add materially to the security of the town. The Germans would probably hesitate before attacking a ship of her size. If they sustained damage involving loss of fighting efficiency, there was no harbour they could turn to for repair,

except so far as their seaworthiness was affected. Nevertheless, it was almost certain that some raid upon the Islands would be attempted. Guns were landed from the ship, and measures were taken to make the defence as effective as possible. Perhaps if the enemy blockaded Stanley, the British would be able to hold out until other warships, certain to be sent to avenge the defeat, arrived. Relief could hardly be expected for two or three weeks. The Falklands formed a very distant corner of the Empire. It was doubtful, indeed, whether even the ubiquitous German spy had penetrated to these remote and barren shores. It could, however, be recalled that, in 1882, a German expedition had landed on South Georgia, a dependent island of the Falklands, eight hundred miles to their south-east, to observe the transit of Venus. Upon that same island, indeed, another and a quite unsuspicious expedition had landed, early in that very month, November. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, had left Buenos Ayres on the morning of October 26, on his way across the antarctic continent. His little vessel of 230 tons, the *Endurance*, passed through the war zone in safety, and reached South Georgia on November 5. He remained for about a month before leaving for the lonely tracts for which his little party was bound. The island was his last link with civilization. Though sub-antarctic, it possessed features as up-to-date as electric-light, universal even in pigsties and henhouses. And the march of man, it was observed, had introduced the familiar animals of the farmyard, and even a monkey, into a region whose valleys, destitute of tree or shrub, lay clothed with perpetual snow.

Meanwhile, November passed into December without any appearance of the Germans off the Falklands. The

tension became very much relieved. Women and children were brought back to Stanley, after being away a month or six weeks. Messages emanating from the hostile squadron, registered by the wireless station, indicated that the enemy were still in the vicinity. But the condition of the colony became again almost normal. The relief and security were complete when, at length, on Monday, December 7, a powerful British squadron, under Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, arrived at Port Stanley. There were seven warships, besides the *Canopus*. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* had left Plymouth on November 11, and had proceeded to the West Indies. Their mission was to avenge Coronel. They had picked up at Albatross Rock the *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, *Bristol*, *Kent*, *Glasgow*, now repaired, and *Macedonia*, an armed liner. All had then steamed southwards towards the Falklands. The vessels started coaling. Officers came ashore to stretch their legs. Certain stores were laid in. It was anticipated that the squadron would depart in search of the enemy on the evening of the following day. That search might, indeed, be a matter of months. Early next morning, December 8, at about eight o'clock, a volunteer observer posted on Sapper's Hill, two miles from Stanley, sighted two vessels upon the horizon. Twenty minutes later the smoke of two others came into view in the same direction. They were soon recognized as German cruisers. The excitement was intense. The news was immediately carried to the authorities. It was hastily signalled to the fleet. Most of the ships were at anchor in Port William, the outer entrance to Port Stanley. Some of the naval officers were aroused from their repose. It is recorded that, upon hearing the news, the flag-lieutenant dashed down to Admiral Sturdee's cabin, clad in his

pyjamas. Sir Doveton was shaving. The lieutenant poured forth his information. 'Well,' said the Admiral, dryly, 'you had better go and get dressed. We'll see about it later.' [1]

The Graf von Spee had, meanwhile, after the Battle of Coronel, been devoting himself to harrying maritime commerce. The Falklands could wait for the present. Since the beginning of hostilities the work of his light cruisers had been moderately successful. The *Nürnberg* had cut the cable between Bamfield, British Columbia, and Fanning Island. The *Leipzig* had accounted for at least four British merchantmen, and the *Dresden* for at least two more. The armed liner *Eitel Friedrich* had also achieved some success. Several traders had had narrow escapes. The Chilian coast was in a state of blockade to British vessels, the ports being crowded with shipping that hesitated to venture forth into the danger zone. The Germans were masters of the Pacific and South Atlantic trade routes. The Straits of Magellan and the Horn formed a great waterway of commerce, which for sailing vessels was, indeed, the only eastern outlet from the Pacific. But completely as he had the situation in hand, von Spee was experiencing increasing problems and difficulties with regard to supplies of coal and provisions. Without these he was impotent. He had been employing German merchantmen to great advantage for refueling. But trouble was brewing with the Chilian authorities. Many signs were leading the latter to suspect that, contrary to international

[1] The writer cannot vouch for the truth of this anecdote, which he merely records as given in a letter published in the press. But the source from which it was taken, together with many of the preceding details of the condition of Stanley during the period of tension, has proved so accurate in essential points of fact, that their insertion seems justifiable.

law, German traders were loading at Chilian ports cargoes of coal and provisions, contraband of war, and were transferring them at sea to the German warships. There were other causes of complaint. Juan Fernandez, the isle of romance and of mystery, the home of the original of Robinson Crusoe, was said to have been degraded into use as a base for apportioning the booty, coals and victuals, among the belligerent vessels. The island was a Chilian possession. It was practically certain that von Spee's squadron had stayed there beyond the legal limit of time. A French merchantman had, contrary to rule, also been sunk there by the *Dresden*, within Chilian territorial waters. Inquiries in other quarters were being made, moreover, as to the friendly wireless stations which the Germans had been utilizing secretly in Colombia and Ecuador ; while a rumour was current in the United States, that neutral vessels had been seized and pillaged on the high seas. Von Spee soon found that he was nearing the end even of his illegitimate resources. He had tried the patience of the Chilian authorities too far. About the middle of November they suddenly prohibited, as a provisional measure, the vessels of the Kosmos Company from leaving any Chilian port. On November 24 a Government ship was sent to Juan Fernandez to investigate, and to see that Chilian neutrality was upheld. Many such signs seemed to warn von Spee that the time was appropriate to a sudden disappearance. He gathered his squadron for a descent at last upon the Falklands. His plans must be, not merely for a raid, but for an occupation. There were probably two or three small ships there. They should be sunk. The wireless station must be destroyed. The Islands, after a landing had been effected and the defence reduced, could be used

as a base for the German operations. There were large quantities of coal and stores at Stanley. The harbour possessed facilities for refitting. To dislodge a strong German naval force, with adequate guns, placed in occupation of the colony, would be a difficult task for the enemy. The Falklands had many possibilities. According to von Spee's information they were feebly defended and would fall an easy prey. At length, early in the morning of December 8, the Admiral brought his fleet off Stanley. His five cruisers approached from the south. They were, of course, observed. A warning gun, probably from one of the small ships which he would shortly sink, sounded the alarm inside the harbour. There was no need, however, for haste. At twenty minutes past nine the *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* moved towards the wireless station, and brought their guns to bear upon it. But suddenly from inside the harbour there came the thunder of a big gun. Five shells, of very heavy calibre, screamed in quick succession from over the low-lying land. One of the vessels was struck. Surprise and bewilderment took the Germans. This was most unexpected. The *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* hastily retired out of range.

Sir Doveton and his fleet, meanwhile, had gone to breakfast. Steam for full speed was got up as rapidly as possible. Coaling operations had recommenced at 6.30 that morning. The colliers were hurriedly cast off, and the decks were cleared for action. Officers and men were delighted at the prospect of an early fight. The Germans had saved them a long cold search around the Horn by calling for them. There was going to be no mistake this time. The enemy could not escape. Sturdee's squadron was superior both in weight and

speed to the German. It consisted of two battle-cruisers of over 17,000 tons, the *Invincible* and *Inflexible*; of three cruisers of about 10,000 tons, the *Carnarvon*, *Kent*, and *Cornwall*; and of two light cruisers of 4,800 tons, the *Glasgow* and *Bristol*. The primary armament of the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* was eight 12-inch guns; of the *Carnarvon*, four 7·5-inch; of the *Kent* and *Cornwall*, fourteen 6-inch; of the *Glasgow* and *Bristol*, two 6-inch. The speed of the battle-cruisers was twenty-eight knots; of the three middle-class cruisers, twenty-two to twenty-four knots; and of the light cruisers, twenty-five to twenty-six knots. In size, in armament, in speed, the British squadron would decidedly preponderate. Admiral Sturdee, however, though confident of victory, was determined to take no risks, and to minimize loss in men and material by making full use of his superior long-range gunfire, and of his superior speed. He would wait, screened by the land, until the Germans had drawn nearer. Everything should be got ready carefully. Undue excitement was to be deprecated. Meanwhile, he watched the enemy closely. At about a quarter to nine, Captain Grant of the *Canopus* reported that the first two ships sighted were now about eight miles away: the other two were still at a distance of some twenty miles. The *Kent* passed down the harbour and took up a position at the entrance. Five minutes later the smoke of a fifth German vessel was observed. When, in about half an hour's time, the two leading enemy ships made a threatening move in the direction of the wireless station, the Admiral ordered a swift counterstroke. Officers upon the hills above the town signalled the range, 11,000 yards, to the *Canopus*. She opened fire with her 12-inch guns. The Germans hoisted their colours and drew back.

Their masts and smoke were now visible from the upper bridge of the *Invincible* across the low land bounding Port William on the south. Within a few minutes the two cruisers altered course and made for the harbour-mouth. Here the *Kent* lay stationed. It seemed that the Germans were about to engage her. As, however, they approached, the masts and funnels of two large ships at anchor within the port became visible to them. The *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* could hardly expect to contend alone with this force. They at once changed their direction, and moved back at increased speed to join their consorts.

The morning was gloriously fine. The sun shone brightly, the sky was clear, the sea was calm, and a breeze blew lightly from the north-west. It was one of the rare bright stretches that visit the Islands, for usually rain falls, mostly in misty drizzles, on about 250 days in the year. At twenty minutes to ten the *Glasgow* weighed anchor, and joined the *Kent* at the harbour-mouth. Five minutes later the rest of the squadron weighed, and began to steam out. The battleship *Canopus*, her speed making her unsuitable for a chase, was left in harbour. The *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* also remained behind for the present. By a dexterous use of oil fuel the two battle-cruisers were kept shrouded as much as possible in dense clouds of smoke. The enemy for some time could not gauge their size. But as vessel after vessel emerged, Admiral von Spee grew uneasy. The English were in altogether unexpected strength. His squadron could not cope with such force. He had played into the enemy's hands, and unless he could outspeed their ships, the game was up. Without hesitation, he steamed off at high speed to eastward. The British followed, steaming

at fifteen to eighteen knots. The enemy, to their south-east, were easily visible. At twenty past ten an order for a general chase was signalled. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* quickly drew to the fore. The Germans were roughly in line abreast, 20,000 yards, or some eleven miles, ahead. The morning sunlight, the gleaming seas, the grey warships, white foam springing from their bows, tearing at high speed through the waves, formed a magnificent spectacle. Crowds of the inhabitants of Stanley gathered upon the hills above the town to view the chase. The excitement and enthusiasm were intense. The vessels were in sight about two hours. At about a quarter past eleven it was reported from a point in the south of East Falkland that three other German ships were in sight. They were probably colliers or transports. The *Bristol* signalled the information to Admiral Sturdee. He at once ordered her, with the armed liner *Macedonia*, to hasten in their direction and destroy them. The newcomers made off to south-west, and the British followed. Meanwhile, the rest of the squadron, now travelling at twenty-three knots, were slowly closing upon the enemy. The distance had narrowed to 15–16,000 yards. The British were within striking range. Nevertheless, Sturdee decided to wait till after dinner before engaging. His guns could outdistance those of the enemy. It would be advisable for him to keep at long range. The Germans, on the other hand, would be forced, when firing commenced, to alter course and draw in, in order to bring their own guns into play. The men had their midday meal at twelve o'clock as usual. It is said that comfortable time was allowed afterwards for a smoke. The *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, and *Glasgow* at about 12.30 increased their speed to between twenty-five

and twenty-eight knots, and went on ahead. Just after a quarter to one there was a signal from the Admiral: 'Open fire and engage the enemy.' A few minutes later there were sharp commands. The ranges were signalled, and the bigger guns were laid. Fiery glares and dense clouds of smoke burst suddenly from their muzzles. The air quivered with their thunder. Shells went screaming in the direction of the nearest light cruiser, the *Leipzig*, which was dropping rapidly astern. The firing was uncomfortably accurate. The three smaller German cruisers very soon left the line, and made an attempt, veering off to the south, to scatter and escape. Flame and smoke issued from the *Leipzig*, before she drew clear, where a shell had struck. Sir Doveton Sturdee directed the *Glasgow*, *Kent*, and *Cornwall* to pursue the German light cruisers. With his remaining vessels, the *Invincible*, the *Inflexible*, and the slower *Carnarvon*, he turned upon the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, and began operations in earnest.

The interval of sunlight which had opened the day with such promise was of short duration. The sky became overcast. Soon after four o'clock the air was thick with rain-mist. From 1.15 onwards for three hours a fierce duel was maintained between the two British battle-cruisers and the two German armoured cruisers. The enemy made every effort to get away. They replied to the British fire for some time, having dropped back to within 13,500 yards. But shortly after two o'clock they changed their course, and began to haul out to south-east. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* had eased their speed, and the range now widened by about 3,000 yards. A second chase ensued. A full-rigged sailing-ship appeared in the distance at about a quarter to three. Her crew must have beheld

an awe-inspiring scene. Shortly before the hour firing recommenced. The action began to develop. Great coolness and efficiency were shown on board the British vessels. Every man was at his battle-station, behind armour. Fire-control parties were at their instruments. Water from numerous hoses was flooding the decks as a precaution against fire. The roaring of the discharges, the screaming of the shells, the clangour of metal upon metal, the crashes of the explosions, made up a tumult that was painful in its intensity. During intervals in the firing came the rushing of the waves and of the breeze, and the grinding and grunting of the hydraulic engines in the turrets, where swung, training constantly upon the enemy, the greater guns. The Germans soon began to show signs of distress. The *Scharnhorst* particularly suffered. Dense clouds of smoke, making it difficult for the British accurately to gauge the damage, rose from her decks. Shells rending her side disclosed momentarily the dull red glow of flame. She was burning fiercely. The firing on both sides was deadly, though the German had slackened considerably. But the British vessels, through their preponderance in gunfire, suffered little damage. Their 12-inch guns hit their marks constantly, while the 8·2-inch guns of the *Scharnhorst* were accurate, but ineffective. She veered to starboard at about 3·30, to bring into play her starboard batteries. Both her masts and three of her four funnels were shot away. At length the German flagship began to settle down rapidly in the waters. It was about a quarter past four. There was a swirl of the seas and a rush of steam and smoke. The *Scharnhorst* disappeared. She went down with her flag flying to an ocean grave, bearing 760 brave men and a gallant admiral, whose name will deservedly

rank high in the annals of German naval history. The *Gneisenau* passed on the far side of her sunken flagship. With the guns of both battle-cruisers now bearing upon her alone, the German was soon in sore straits. But she fought on gallantly for a considerable time. At half-past five she had ceased firing, and appeared to be sinking. She had suffered severe damage. Smoke and steam were rising everywhere. Her bridge had been shot away. Her foremost funnel was resting against the second. Her upper deck was so shattered that it could not be crossed, and every man upon it had been killed. An exploding shell had hurled one of the gun-turrets bodily overboard. Fire was raging aft. Her colours had been shot away several times, and hoisted as often. One of the flags was hauled down at about twenty to six, though that at the peak was still flying. She began to fire again with a single gun. The *Invincible*, the *Inflexible*, and the *Carnarvon*, which had now come up, closed in upon the doomed vessel. Firing was recommenced. The *Gneisenau* was not moving. Both her engines were smashed. Shells striking the water near her sent up colossal columns of water, which, falling upon the ship, put out some of the fires. She soon began to settle down in the waves. All her guns were now out of action, and Sturdee ordered the 'Cease fire'. There could be little doubt that her stubborn resistance was nearing its end. The German commander lined up his men on the decks. The ammunition was exhausted. The ship would soon go down. Some six hundred men had already been killed. The survivors had better provide themselves with articles for their support in the water. At six o'clock the *Gneisenau* heeled over suddenly. Clouds of steam sprang forth. Her stem swung up into the

air, and she sank. Large numbers of her crew could be seen floating in the icy waves, hanging on to pieces of wreckage, and uttering terribly uncanny cries. The sea was choppy. Drizzling rain was falling. The British steamed up immediately. All undamaged boats were got out. Ropes were lowered. Lifebuoys and spars were thrown to the drowning men. But many of them, numbed by the freezing water, let go their hold and sank. About 180, among them the captain of the *Gneisenau*, were saved. It is said that much agreeable surprise, upon the discovery that their anticipations of being shot would not be realized, was manifested by the German sailors.

Meanwhile, battle had been in progress elsewhere. The *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* had overtaken the transports *Baden* and *Santa Isabel*, had captured their crews, and had sunk the ships. The armed liner accompanying them, the *Eitel Friedrich*, had, however, made off and got away by means of her superior speed. The *Kent*, *Glasgow*, and *Cornwall* had pursued the German light cruisers in a southerly direction. The *Dresden*, the fastest, proved too speedy a vessel to overtake. She was ahead of her consorts, upon either quarter, and made her escape whilst they were being engaged. The *Kent* gave chase to the *Nürnberg*. The *Glasgow*, in pursuit of the *Leipzig*, raced ahead of the *Cornwall*, and by about three o'clock in the afternoon had closed sufficiently, within 12,000 yards, to open fire with her foremost guns. The German ship turned every now and then to fire a salvo. Soon a regular battle began which was maintained for some hours. Shells fell all around the *Glasgow*. There were several narrow escapes, but the casualties were few. Shortly after six a wireless message was received from Admiral Sturdee,

announcing that the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* had been sunk. A cheer surged up, and the men set to work with renewed spirits and energy. The *Cornwall* had come up some time before, and the *Leipzig* was now severely damaged. But she fought on for three more hours. Darkness came on. The German cruiser began to burn fore and aft. It was nine o'clock before she at last turned over and sank.

The British vessels had, during the course of the action, steamed miles apart, and far out of sight of land. During the evening and night they began to get into touch with one another and with Stanley by means of their wireless. All the ships except the *Kent* were accounted for, and reported all well. But no reply was forthcoming to the numerous calls, 'Kent, Kent, Kent', that were sent out. She had, in chase of the *Nürnberg*, lost all touch with the rest of the squadron. There was great uneasiness. It was feared that she had been lost. The other ships were directed to search for her, and for the *Nürnberg* and the *Dresden*. Late in the afternoon of the following day, however, she entered Stanley harbour safely. Her wireless had been destroyed, but she had sunk the *Nürnberg*, after a very stern struggle. The German captain, Schönberg, is reported, indeed, to have said at Honolulu, 'The *Nürnberg* will very likely be our coffin. But we are ready to fight to the last'. He had fought and died true to his words. The German ship was ordinarily more than a knot faster than the British. But the engineers and stokers of the *Kent* rose magnificently to the occasion. Fuel was piled high. Her engines were strained to the utmost. Soon she was speeding through the waves at twenty-five knots, a knot and a half more than her registered speed. The *Nürnberg* drew nearer. At five o'clock she was within range, and

firing was opened. A sharp action began which lasted some two and a half hours. The *Kent* was struck many times, and lost several men. She had one narrow escape. A bursting shell ignited some cordite charges, and a flash of flame went down the hoist into the ammunition passage. Some empty shell bags began to burn. But a sergeant picked up a cordite charge and hurled it out of danger. Seizing a fire hose, he flooded the compartment and extinguished the fire. A disastrous explosion, which might have proved fatal to the vessel, was thus averted. Her silken ensign and jack, presented by the ladies of Kent, were torn to ribbons. The gallant captain collected the pieces, some being caught in the rigging, and carefully preserved them. The *Nürnberg*, however, was soon in sore straits. Many shells struck her, and she was set afire. Day drew into evening, and darkness deepened. The Germans ceased firing, and the *Kent*, within about 3,000 yards, followed suit upon the enemy's colours being hauled down. The *Nürnberg* sank just before half-past seven. As she disappeared beneath the surface, men upon her quarter-deck were waving the German ensign. The *Kent*, after picking up some survivors, put about, and returned to Stanley.

Here the rest of the squadron soon gathered. Congratulatory telegrams began to pour in to Sir Doveton Sturdee. And the curtain closed, in the flush of triumph, upon the most memorable and most dramatic episode in the history of the Falklands.

One further episode remains to complete the story. The *Dresden* and the armed liner *Eitel Friedrich*, the sole survivors of the German squadron, made once more for the Pacific. They were lost sight of for many weeks. Suspicious movements and activities on the part of

German merchantmen were, however, again observed. The Government wireless station at Valparaiso intercepted messages from the *Dresden* summoning friendly vessels to bring her supplies. Persistent rumours began to be circulated that she was hiding in the inlets of southern Chili. During January, 1915, the *Eitel Friedrich* seized and destroyed six vessels, chiefly sailing-ships, some in Pacific, most in Atlantic waters. In February she accounted for four more. Towards the end of the month a British barque was sunk by the *Dresden*. The position was again rapidly becoming troublesome. The movement of British shipping on the Chilian coast had to be suspended. But the *Glasgow* and the *Kent* were on the *Dresden's* track. The *Kent* entered Coronel on March 13, coaled, and departed the same night. The *Eitel Friedrich*, meanwhile, had arrived at Newport News, a United States port, with her engines badly in need of repair. Much indignation was aroused among Americans by the announcement that one of her victims had been an American vessel. The German liner had many prisoners on board. Declarations of a resolve, if he had been caught by the British, to have sunk fighting to the last, were repeatedly and emphatically declaimed by the German captain. Five days later he learned that the *Dresden* had tamely surrendered off Juan Fernandez after a five minutes' action. The *Kent*, at nine o'clock on the morning after she had left Coronel, together with the *Glasgow* and the auxiliary cruiser *Orama*, came up with the *Dresden* near the island. A sharp encounter followed. The German cruiser was hit heavily. Fire broke out. In five minutes' time she hauled down her colours and hoisted a white flag. The crew were taken off. The *Dresden* continued to burn for some time, until finally her magazine exploded and

she sank. The German officers contended that their vessel was sunk within Chilian territorial waters. It had not hitherto been noticeable that their consciences were concerned to ma'ntain Chilian neutrality inviolate.

The Battle of the Falkland Islands was the first decisive naval contest of the war. It removed a formidable menace to the trade routes. It relieved British convoys and transports from danger of interruption. It freed many battleships and cruisers, engaged in sweeping the oceans, for other usefulness. It gave Great Britain effective mastery of the outer seas. Henceforth German naval ambition, frustrated in its endeavour to disorganize the trade routes, was forced, within the limits of the North Sea and of British waters, to seek less adventurous but more disreputable ends. A series of bombardments of coast towns was planned. A preliminary success was followed by a galling disaster. Foiled a second time, Germany is attempting now to terrorize British waters, by deliberate submarine piracy, to all maritime commerce. Her project has elicited the protests of neutral States. It has excited no dismay among the allied nations.

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